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Christ in the Home of the Lowly

The Women's Missionary Magazine

APRIL, 1950

THE WOMEN'S MISSIONARY MAGAZINE

Of The United Presbyterian Church Of North America

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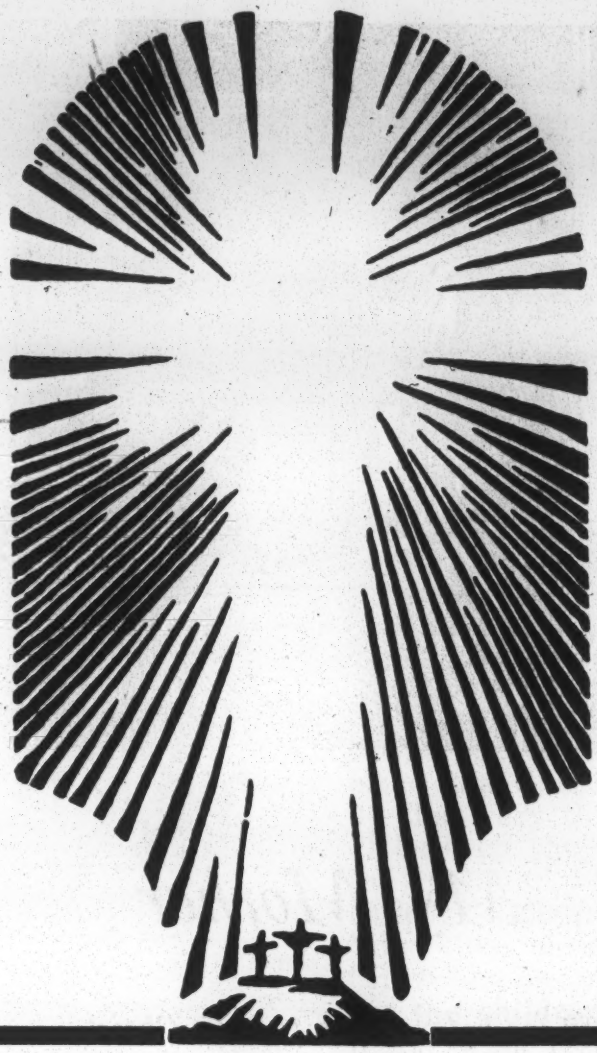


FOR ME

Under an Eastern sky,
Amid a rabble cry,
A Man went forth to die
For me!

Thorn-crowned His blessed head,
Blood-stained His every tread,
Cross-laden on He sped,
For me!

Pierced through His hands and feet,
Three hours o'er Him did beat
Fierce rays of noontide heat,
For me!

Thus wert Thou made all mine.
Lord make me wholly thine,
Give grace and strength divine
To me!

In thought and word and deed,
Thy will to do; oh! lead my feet
E'en though they bleed
To Thee.

—Author Unknown

A LITTLE TIME APART

My Mother

You dedicated me before birth to your Christ . . .

Your tender hands cared for my lisping childhood . . .

Your wise counsel guided my youth in the right paths . . .

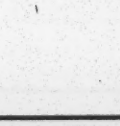
Your loving heart warmed my spiritual coldness . . .

Your gracious soul supported me, as your faithful prayers have followed me . . .

Your loyalty to the Lord has steadied me, as your church faithfulness has inspired me . . .

May the grace of a thousand blessings crown you on this Mother's Day which we have dedicated to you.

—Selected



When I call to remembrance the unfeigned faith that is in thee, which dwelt first in thy grandmother Lois, and thy mother Eunice; and I am persuaded that in thee also. —*II Timothy* **1:5.**

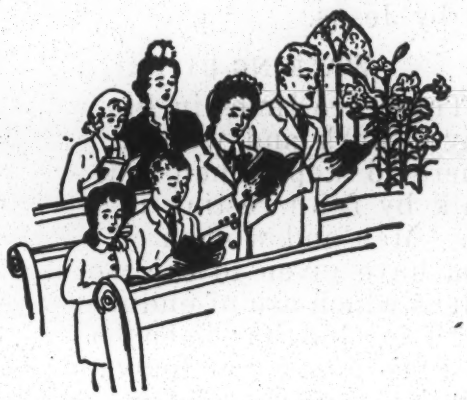
The Women's Missionary Magazine

Of The United Presbyterian Church

VOL. LXIII APRIL, 1950 No. 8

Telling "His-Story"

The Family Circle



"In His Steps"

By MRS. DON MONTGOMERY,
Youngstown, Ohio

There is the story of a father whose custom it was to walk each evening to the corner saloon and drink with the men of his acquaintance. One winter evening when snow was falling, he looked behind him to see his four-year-old son stepping from one of his boot prints to the next. When the child realized that his father saw him, he called, "Daddy, I'm following in your steps." As you may guess, the father turned back, not wanting his boy to follow his steps into a saloon.

Walking Worthily

"Watch your step" is good admonition to all of us whether we be parents, husbands, wives, young people or children. Paul admonished the Christians at Ephesus to do that very thing when he wrote, "I beseech you to walk worthily of the calling wherewith ye were called." Often we say of another, "How like his father he walks" or "How like her mother she acts." We are the children of God. I wonder if our walk resembles the walk of our Father in Heaven, and if our lives are worthy of Him who has called us unto fellowship with Himself.

It is recorded of the first disciples that those with whom they fellowshipped took knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus. We also ought to walk worthy of our calling because of the grace and the gospel by which we are called.

We have a right to be concerned about the walk and private lives of those in high places in our land, for vice is like virtue, "It streams from hills and descends to the plains." We have a right to demand that the man who occupies the pulpit must walk worthy of his high calling for "like priest, like people." We have a right to be concerned about the morality of men and women who teach in our schools, for what an opportunity they have either for good or evil.

If as parents we wish our children to walk in our steps, we must walk worthily. As a poet, warrior, and king, David stands at the forefront of the great souls of history; but as a father, he was a failure. Of one of David's sons it is written, "His father had not displeased him at any time saying, 'Why hast thou done this?'" On the other hand, of Cornelius it was said, "He was a devout man and one who feared God with his whole house."

Home Influences

The influence for good or evil of a home will almost always assert itself in some way in later years. One cannot easily forget a praying father and mother, and the morning and evening prayers linger in the halls of memory bringing forth good results in the life. The great end to be attained for our children is not that they become rich or leaders of society, but that they may be saved, trained for usefulness, and that they may love and walk in the paths of righteousness.

It is heartening today to see so many of our young people walking in His steps, giving themselves in consecrated service as ministers, missionaries and devoted lay workers. But while many are saying, "Father, Thou art the guide of my youth," others are attempting the journey of life alone. No matter how self-sufficient they may feel, they are lost unless they take Christ as their Guide and follow in His steps.

Someone has said, "Men are no better than the standards women set for them." Thinking men wish these standards to be kept high as evidenced by Thomas Drier's famous prayer for a wife. "Give me, God, a woman who will demand more of me than I've ever dared to demand of myself—who will help me liberate that creative energy necessary for the realization of my dreams! an ideal woman who will lead me daily to render to my neighbor the service most expressive of my great love for her. And may she never permit me to reach the final goal." As wives and sweethearts, may our standards attain unto those set by Jesus.

Walking by Faith

There are times in life when the way is dark and we scarcely know where to step. Then it is we must walk by faith resting in His promises. Men and women of faith with God have given to the world those values which are of enduring worth. Faith in God has been basic in all our missionary endeavor, in the building of hospitals, churches, schools, homes—all constructive institutions for humanity. Many of the blessings we enjoy today are ours because some walked by faith and lived as though it counted.

"They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil and pain;
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train."

HOME

"Home—A world of strife shut out, a world of love shut in."
"Home—The place where the small are great, and the great are small."
"Home—The father's kingdom, the mother's world, the child's paradise."
"Home—The place where we grumble the most, and are loved the best."
"Home—The center of affection, round which our hearts' best wishes twine."
"Home—The place on earth where the faults and failings of humanity are hidden under the sweet mantle of charity."
"Home—The sweetest, dearest, purest, and most precious spot this side of the Pearly Gates."

Memories Of My Christian Home

By M. EARLE COLLINS, Ph.D., President of Tarkio College, Tarkio, Missouri

M. Earle Collins, Ph.D.

One of the most lasting memories of my home is the family table. We always sat in the same place at the table. Mother sat at the end of the table next to the door to the kitchen. Father sat at the other end of the table with the youngest child to his left. The oldest son, brother John, sat to father's right. The oldest sister, Dorothy (graduate of White Biblical Seminary, New York), sat to mother's right and the next youngest to mother's left.

A Loving Father

The blessing was always asked before each meal. Father had a characteristic way of silencing his brood by tapping the big finger of the right hand on the table. He needed some such gavel-effect to quiet the big table, as we had three sisters and each sister had five brothers (take your choice eight or eighteen).

The dinner plate was always turned up-side-down over the silverware at each place. No plate was turned over until the blessing was asked.

As a high school lad, it was my duty to care for the pigs. The year World War I ended, hogs were high in price. Father sold a bunch of fat hogs. At the supper table I said, "Papa, it is interesting when the pigs are little, they are my pigs; when they grow up big enough to sell, they are your hogs." This statement paid the best dividend of any that I ever made. It touched the heart of a loving father. The next morning when I turned my plate over, after the blessing was asked at breakfast, I found under it a check for the price of one 240-pound hog at $22.50 per hundred pounds.

My father was a great narrator of stories. He was a good story teller and loved to hear stories. Even today I find such stories cropping out in public addresses that I give.

Guests

Our home was in the country half way between Xenia and Clifton, Ohio. Often guest ministers spoke in our Clifton church, coming from Xenia Seminary. Generally they were guests in our home for Sabbath dinner. I remember my father matching stories with those sainted ministers of old that graced our home and our family table. Their names are familiar: Drs. J. G. Carson, Hunter Webster, M. G. Kyle, Jesse Johnson, to mention only a few. Guests of such a caliber mean much in the lives of growing children in the home.

Family Worship

Family worship each evening, seven days of the week, was the order of the day. This was held just before the first member of the family retired. Father read from the Bible, always choosing a portion which was precious to him and came to be precious to us all. Then all knelt at our chairs. On occasion, one of the younger ones fell asleep before father's prayer was finished.

Father always offered the same prayer at family worship with scarcely a change in word or intonation in the entire prayer. It was a good prayer. It bore each one of us to the Throne of Grace. It encompassed our entire church, its mission fields and its colleges by

"Mother" Collins

"She made an altar of her lap,
A place of worship, where
Her little ones, at eventide,
Knelt down to say a prayer."

name. (Perhaps that is why this son wanted to teach in Assiut College, Egypt, and is now in Tarkio College). Some of the petitions in father's prayer, I now find creeping into my own prayers, public and private.

A Resourceful Mother

Mother taught us each one how to play checkers. She was a great believer in games. We didn't have to go outside our own home to find a gang big enough to have a ball game, or a game of carom, flinch, authors, parchesi, etc.

Sabbath evening when the four older brothers and sister were away at Y.P.C.U. meeting, Mother had Junior missionary meeting with the four younger ones of us as members. We took turns reading Emma Dean Anderson's letter from India in the *Youth's Evangelist* and reading the Junior lesson helps from the *Women's Missionary Magazine*. These early memories of India built in us a desire to go to India some time, which wasn't fulfilled until we attended the Madras Conference in 1938.

After the Junior missionary meeting at home mother would bring into the living room a monstrous bowl of bread and milk as we sat around in a circle, about her knees, before which knees we each one learned to pray at the Junior missionary meeting. She fed us turn about from the bowl of bread and milk. (I still like bread and milk on Sabbath evening.)

Summer Recreation

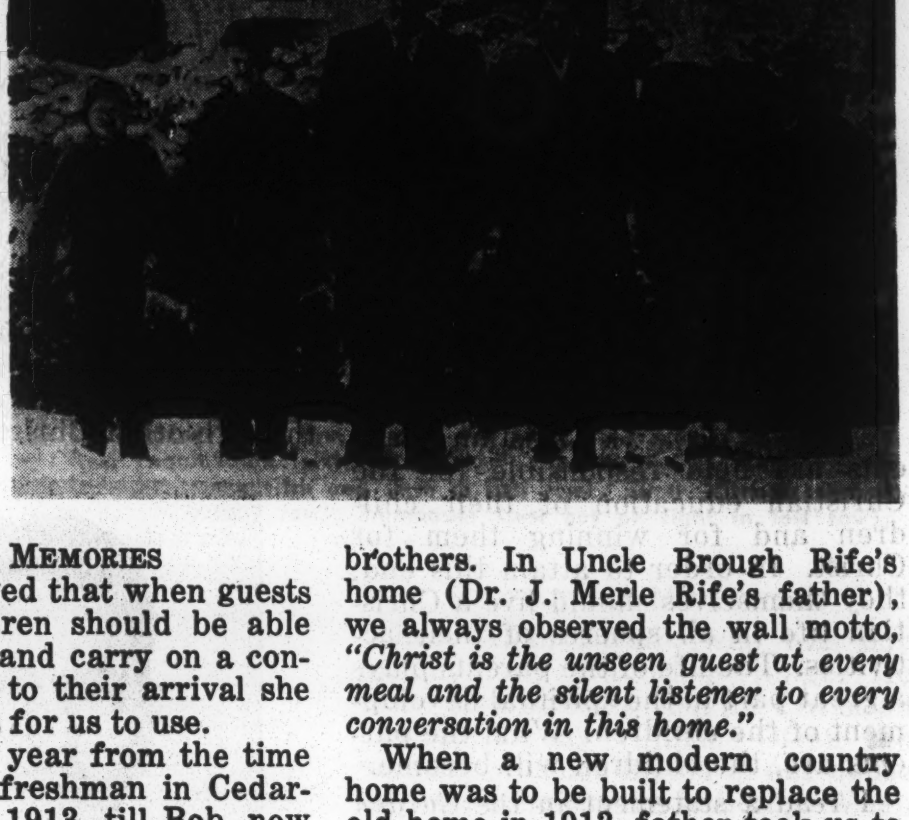
The prize of each summer was a visit of the family of mother's minister brother, Uncle Lee Rife, from his Norris Square U.P. Church, Philadelphia or Clarion, Iowa. This minister uncle was a hero in our eyes. He gave us a veritable gold mine one summer when he presented us with the catcher's mit that he had used on the varsity team of Monmouth College. This influence secretly caused some of us to want to attend Monmouth College, as had he.

Together in Church

To be absent from church on Sabbath morning was unthought of. As a lad of nine, I remember father setting out with the oldest brother, John, when snow was too deep to even get a team of horses through to church five miles away. They made it on foot only to find that the janitor and the preacher were the only others there.

Father loved God's House. He was one of four elders in the Clifton U.P. Church. Children and grandchildren of those four elders still belong to the Clifton Church and serve as officers: Bradfutes, Fergusons, Rifes and Collins.

Once Father's newly half-soled shoes squeaked noisily as he went up the church aisle to serve the elements on communion Sabbath. I am not sure whether he or his children were the more embarrassed about those squeaky shoes.



Family of President and Mrs. M. Earle Collins, Tarkio, Mo. Standing, left to right: John William, Gordon Dixon, President and Mrs. Collins, Mary Elizabeth, Robert Scott.

Happy Memories

Mother believed that when guests came, the children should be able to talk to them and carry on a conversation. Prior to their arrival she suggested topics for us to use.

Almost every year from the time Dorothy was a freshman in Cedarville College in 1913, till Bob, now an M. D., graduated in 1932, mother entertained all the students and faculty of Cedarville College for supper in our home. Those were happy occasions over the twenty-year period during which we all graduated from Cedarville College. From among those that came we formed many fast and lasting friendships. Our editor of *The Women's Missionary Magazine* (then Miss Ethel Brand), one of the faculty members at Cedarville College, was among the scores of students and faculty we enjoyed entertaining on such occasions.

In the summertime, one week looked forward to by each of us was spent in the home of Uncle Will Rife or Uncle Brough Rife, mother's brothers. In Uncle Brough Rife's home (Dr. J. Merle Rife's father), we always observed the wall motto, *"Christ is the unseen guest at every meal and the silent listener to every conversation in this home."*

When a new modern country home was to be built to replace the old home in 1913, father took us to the front of the old house and pointing down the lane, which wound around to the road, reminded us that we could pay for this new home only if we were all willing to work. To work he had taught us to do. As a result of this Christian teaching the family home is still the family home of brother Roger, the third generation of the family.

Although father was taken to Glory a few weeks after my return from teaching at Assiut College in Egypt in 1929, yet mother has passed her eigthieth birthday the week this is written. She now lives in Xenia and her weekly letters to each of her eight children revive the memories and strengthen the ties of our Christian home.

Give me the life of the boy whose mother is nurse, seamstress, washerwoman, cook, teacher, angel, and saint, all in one, and whose father is guide, exemplar, and friend. No servants to come between. These are the boys who are born to the best fortune.—*Andrew Carnegie*

Christ In The Homes Of The World

In Pakistan And India

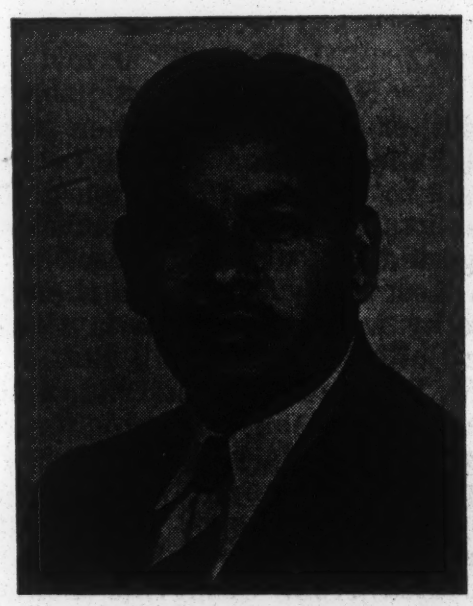
By REV. YAQUB KHAN, Professor-Elect, U.P. Seminary, Gujranwala, West Pakistan

"And ye fathers, provoke not your children to wrath; but nurture them in the chastening and the admonition of the Lord." Ephesians, 6:4.

Christian parents are held responsible for the Christian education of their children and for winning them for Christ. In order to attain this end, they themselves should live a Christian life in all spheres of their activities. The life of the parents plays a great part in the spiritual development of the children. What the parents are, the children will become.

I read a statement in the *Garden of Prayer* that when a mother was tucking her tired child into a clean bed she was asked this question, "Is God as nice as you are, mommy?" This is one instance of how the parents can reflect the love of God upon their children. It is said that the homes are the primary schools for education of children, therefore, the Christian homes can be most effective means for the Christian education of their children who are going to be the future leaders of the church and the country.

I like to tell you now how Christ changed my life through the influence of my parents and how he has worked in the lives of young people through other Christian homes.



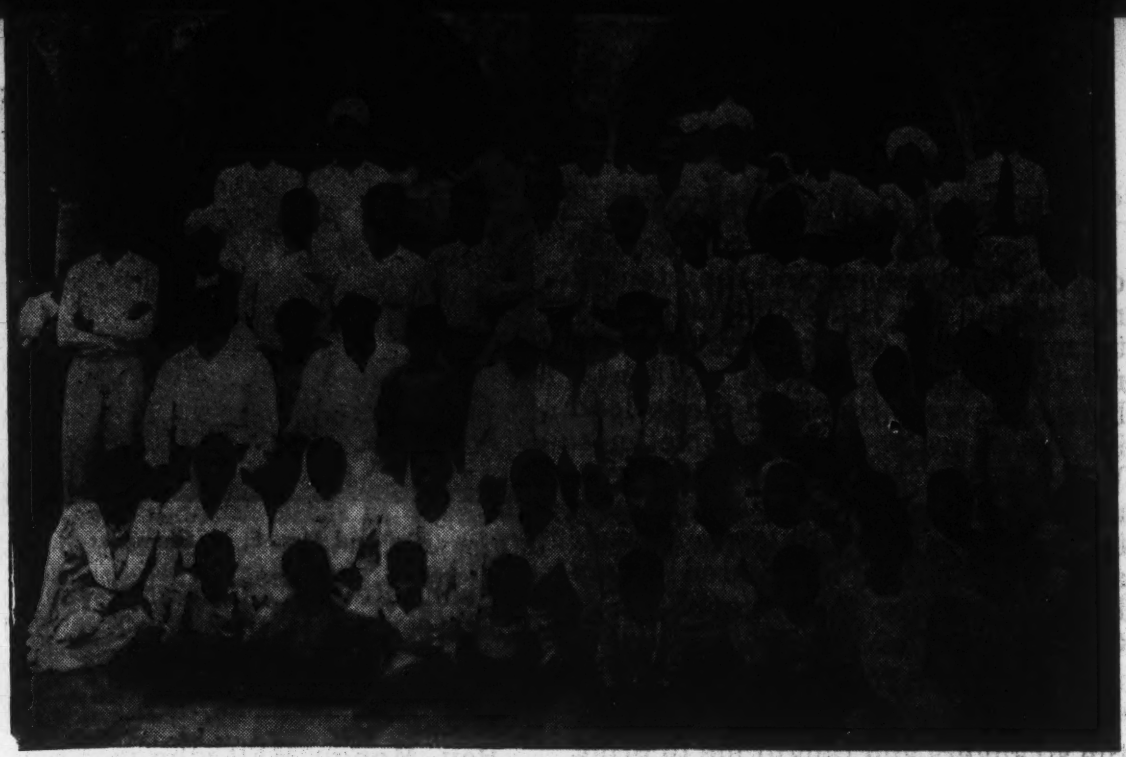
Reverend Yaqub Khan studying now in Pittsburgh-Xenia Theological Seminary.

Dr. and Mrs. J. G. Campbell

My Primary Education

I was fortunate enough to be brought up in a Christian family. My father was an elder of the church and took an active part in church matters. We lived at Chuhar Mundah, a village in Mission District Pasrur in Punjab. Dr. and Mrs. J. G. Campbell were the foreign missionaries at Pasrur and took great interest in the education of Christian children. They had about twenty Primary Schools in the district including a mission school in my village.

My father could read the New



Mission workers from Pasrur District, with a few from Badomali. Of special interest because of this article: Yaqub's first pastor (Back row, next to last from right); Rev. Yusuf (third from left in third row); Rev. Yaqub Khan (sixth in third row) his wife and his mother; their children, Zebdiel, Abdiel, Joel (fourth, fifth and sixth in first row), Zinat (fifth in second row), Nathaniel (eighth boy in second row), Emmanuel (last boy on right in last row), Bezliel, the baby, is on his mother's lap.

Testament in Gurmukhi language but my mother was uneducated. They did not want me to remain illiterate. They sent me to the mission school in my village in 1916.

I do not know why I hated to go to school and during my first year, on some days I hid myself in a corner of the house or in a grain barn. Whenever I was absent from school, my teacher sent school boys to fetch me to the school. By and by, the school boys became acquainted with my hiding places and found me easily. When I agreed to go with them to the school, they would let me walk with them and when I refused, they dragged me to the school like a criminal. In reality, my first year in the school was a period of great conflict and struggle in my life. I would not have continued my studies, had not the constant care and love of my Christian home moved my heart. Afterwards I began to take interest in my school work. We had no timepiece in our home so I had marked the front wall of our house with a big line for the school time. As soon as the sun light reached that line, I ran to my school. Every year, I got promotion in my grade and finished my fourth grade in 1920.

Respect for My Pastor

Rev. Allah Dittah, who was our pastor, lived in another village. He came on a horse to visit all Christian families in my village. Often the worship was conducted in our house as there is no church building. When we needed sun, we sat in the courtyard and when we needed shade, we would sit in the verandah. My parents taught me in my childhood to respect my pastor. Whenever he came, I would help him to take care of his horse. We did not have any chair so I used to spread a clean bed-sheet on the bed for him and provided a cup of cold water when it was needed. Though our village is situated in a separate congregation now, yet I have the same respect for that pastor.

My Share in Worship

My parents taught me to go to the homes of the Christians to call them for worship. We had a singing party. The young men who were good in singing, could not read the Psalter. Then I told them the psalms. Sometimes our singing party was invited to another place and I went with the party to read psalms for them. Thus I shared in the worship program.

Word of God and Prayer

My parents prayed twice each day in my presence and they taught me to read the Holy Bible and pray to my Lord. At first they taught me the Lord's Prayer. When I learned it well, they told me to lead in the Lord's prayer sometimes. When I was able to read my vernacular language, they gave me time to read the Holy Bible for myself and the family and created in my heart a love to read the Word of God.

Example for Hospitality

My parents showed hospitality to the strangers and taught me to bring water for the thirsty travellers. Whenever it was needed, they provided food for them. Our house is situated in the corner of the village where two roads meet so I had good training along this line.

Love for Peace

My father was a great lover of peace. When there were family troubles among the Christians, he would rush into the matter and create peace among them. He knew well that "Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called sons of God," and put it into his experience. This is another impression which I received from the life of my father.

Dedication of Children at Their Births in Christian Homes

Rev. Buta Mall a Mission Evangelist in West Pakistan dedicated

Dr. and Mrs. E. V. Clements

his son, Rev. K. L. Nasir, for the Lord's service at his birth. Rev. K. L. Nasir is teaching in the U.P. Theological Seminary, Gujranwala, West Pakistan.

Rev. Mangu Mall who was a pastor in the U.P. Church in West Pakistan dedicated his son Rev. Nazir Alam for the Lord's service at his birth. He is the Superintendent of the U.P. American Mission at Badomali in West Pakistan.

Rev. Yusaf, a pastor in the Mission District Pasrur in West Pakistan dedicated his son Nazir at birth for the Master's service. The young boy is studying in F. C. College at Lahore in West Pakistan.

Children Should Grow Up Christians in Christian Homes

The life of my parents won me for Christ. Mr. Lall Motilall, Head Master C.T.I. High School, Sialkot, who is taking his course in Education at the University of Pittsburgh, has been brought up in a Christian home and is heartily serving the Lord now. I was superintendent of the U.P. American Mission at Pasrur in West Punjab. Dr. E. V. Clements and Mrs. E. V. Clements are the present missionaries there and are working hard among the Christian homes. The Pasrur Mission District pastors, school teachers and my

Zinat, the daughter.

She is fourteen years old, a student in Hejpur High School, Sialkot. In January she wrote to her father, "May I tell you some good news? I have submitted my heart to Jesus, my Saviour. There are other girls in the school who have also submitted their hearts to Jesus. I pray to my God day and night and read my Bible."

Her father answered, "I am glad to receive this news. May God bless you."

Visiting An Ethopian Home

By MARY NELL HARPER, Sayo, thiopia

If you were to visit Ethiopia you would find that a typical Ethiopian home of one of our Christians is a round, grass-thatched-roof structure with no windows. Most of them are just one large room though here and there you might see this room with several partitions.

Besides the family you would more often than not see a scrawny chicken and a moth-eaten sheep wandering in and out the door at will.

If you were to enter it would take you a few minutes to become accustomed to the dim, smoky interior. Then as you began to look around you would perhaps see the woman of the house stooped over the fire preparing the meal of wut and engerra. You would notice that there are very few possessions or furnishings. In one corner there might be a few crude farming implements; in another a low bed and a couple of low stools help to fill the room. Perhaps there may be some type of lantern hanging from the wall. But if they can read, their proudest possession is the Bible which they keep very carefully and read daily.

As darkness gathers her cloak around her there comes wafting over the hill from one of these homes to ours the strains of the hymn *The Lord Is My Shepherd* and we know that the Christians have gathered for prayer with one another as is their custom and delight every evening and morning. Each night the men, women and children drop what they are doing and gather at one another's home to sing and to pray and to read the Word of God which they cherish so much. Since the first night that I heard the sound of their voices raised in song and found out where it was coming from, it has never ceased to thrill me that their lives too had had wonderful changes since the Lord had become their Saviour.

These who share in these devotions with one another also show in many other ways how the Lord has changed their lives. One way is their carefulness to give thanks for food before and after meals. An interesting custom connected with their meals is the washing of hands. Before and after they partake of this provision, water is passed and each silently washes his or her hands. Is there not a lesson in that for us? For just as they cleanse themselves physically before taking food for the body should we not cleanse ourselves spiritually before feeding our souls upon the Word? Can we not also profit as we note the change made by the Lord in the lives of these Christians.

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friends who were present at the time of my farewell for America, are shown (page 457). They have been brought up in Christian homes and are all serving the Lord.

Our Lord Jesus has a great love for the children. Once some parents brought their children to Jesus to touch them and his disciples rebuked them. But when Jesus saw it, he was moved with indignation, and said unto them, "Suffer the little children to come unto me; forbid them not: for to such belongeth the kingdom of God." (*Mark* 10:14). Solomon's advice was, "Train up a child in the way he should go. And even when he is old he will not depart from it." (*Proverbs* 22:6)

Most of the Christian parents are careful for the physical needs of their children. There is no reason why they should not be more careful for their souls which are far more important. The present time demands that the Christian parents should fulfill their responsibilities for the spiritual nurture of their children for Christ can make a lot of difference in Christian homes.

I Saw Christ In A German Home

By MRS. JOHN GERSTNER, Pittsburgh, Pa. (Written from Zurich, Switzerland)

I had visited this family just before the War. The family lived then near Marienburg in East Prussia. The father was the owner of one of the largest "Hofs" of the area.

In our American way of life, it would compare somewhat to life on a pre-Civil-War plantation. The owner is a country gentleman. Under him is a manager who directly superintends the hundreds of farm hands who tend his herds, till his fields, and harvest his grains.

The life of the average farm hand in Europe, then and now, is on a low scale. He exists. What he has above that is largely dependent upon the generosity of his lord.

I am not basically in sympathy with the "Hof" life. But, as landowners go, Gustav was a good master. He was a Christian. His people said that he was just, righteous and kind. His servants met for chapel services each morning before they went to work, and again for evening benediction.

My stay there had been very pleasant. Lottchen, his youngest daughter, was about my age. She was a beautiful girl with lovely coloring, and black eyes which slanted bewitchingly at the corners. She was vivacious, lighthearted, and perhaps just a little spoiled, difficult to avoid for she had arrived at the age when suitors were being considered. The farmer's daughter had more applicants than were good for her!

I never forgot my happy time with the family. I never forgot Lottchen. When War came, shutting off all communication between Germany and the States, I often wondered what had become of her.

Last month I found out. Her new address, my father wrote me, was a farm somewhere south of Hamburg. Since we were on an auto trip through Germany we decided to get off the main road to try to find her. In the fog we managed literally to "get off the main road" and we drove the car into an open field. (Editorial "we." It was really John!) While my husband did his masculine duty and superintended the car's removal from the furrows, the village bicycle repair man took me to the address I gave him. "Lottchen," he said, "lived on the second floor."

I walked up the icy ladder steps. Working my way through a dark hall I found the right door and knocked. Lottchen opened it. She was dressed like a peasant, like one of the workers on her father's fields. She now had a one-room home like all the other homeless German refugees, a room in which the family cooked, ate, slept, washed and ironed and entertained guests. But there was no hesitancy about her cordial greeting or hospitality. I found a lot of poise, no embarrassment at her present condition.

As we talked her story emerged. It seems she had married, finally, a land-man like her father with a "Hof" near her own. She had had one little girl, Astrid. Then Hitler marched, and finally all the men, even old men and boys, went to War. The women, as they always do, sat and waited. Finally when they knew for them the War was lost, without a moment's hesitation they fled their lovely home. They left literally everything, for their wealth was in land. But they had lived all their lives too close to the Russian border to desire life under Russian occupation. The mother, the girls and their children had climbed up on one of their tractors and in it made their escape.

Her husband was f o r t u n a t e

enough now to have part-time work in a neighboring city. She saw him almost every Sabbath. His salary enabled them to subsist.

Gustav, that kind man, her father, was dead. He had gone for a walk one bitterly cold winter evening and had not returned. The next morning they found him in the fields, hatless, coatless, shoes gone, more dead than alive. He had no memory of what had happened. He recovered. Then one morning, a month later, they found him dead. He had taken his own life.

During the flight and early years of migrancy it was on his broad shoulders they had all leaned. To the end, Lottchen told me, he had cared for them. Just a few minutes before his suicide he had gone out to carry in for her a heavy bucket of water. And he had always prayed each night at family prayers, "God is great. God is good. He has spared us each other. We thank Him for this, the richest gift of all." Why had he done it? In this life there is no answer. But it had been the bitterest blow of all.

What struck me most as Lottchen told me her grey story was the matter-of-fact way in which she told it. There was no complaint. In fact gratitude, gratitude toward God bubbled up at almost every word. I sat on the hard bed and was amazed at her sweetness of spirit. I knew so well what Lottchen had had, a secure future, an adored father. Now it was all gone, but here was no bitterness. She said quite simply, "We would not be alive today if America had not given so generously to her enemies."

I know not what the future has in store for Lottchen. But of this I am confident, wherever in Europe she and her husband and her child set up their home together, Christ will be adored and His name magnified. And there will be shining yet another light against the darkness of "this present world."

For me the memory of that visit is a benediction. I shall not soon forget seeing Christ in that German home.

The beautiful home life of Martin Luther is a precious heritage of all Christians.

A Parsonage Grant Is A Blessing

By MRS. JOHN E. POWERS,
Mt. Zion United Presbyterian Manse,
Greenville, Tennessee

On August 29, 1947, we moved into the manse of the Mt. Zion United Presbyterian Church, a family of five, to find no water! Yet, there was water all around us—the creek running in back of us, a cistern at the school across the road, and a spring. At one time there had been pipes leading from the school cistern to the bath room in the house and also a pump installed on a platform, fastened to a rock cliff, that reached into the creek, but years had deteriorated these pipes and pumps and anyway, the spring offered the only pure (?) drinking water, so—the spring it was! Every drop of water had to be dipped from the spring and carried 30 ft., all uphill, to the manse. With three children, two of them babies, the task of supplying water was not easy.

Through the kindly efforts of Dr. Ronald Boyer, S.S.M. of Second Synod, the Parsonage Grant from the Women's Board ($500) was put into use here. An electric pump, water tank, hot water heater, and kitchen sink were installed. Every time that I turn a faucet I offer a Thank-You Prayer to God for the joy and comfort of this gift. With two churches to supply, Rev. Powers still in college, the family, two missionary societies, pastoral calling, and all the other duties of a minister's family, only God can know how much happiness and joy this gift has brought us. Praise Him for all the blessings that these goodly grants bring to His laborers.

The road leads to Mt. Zion United Presbyterian Church, a one-room building which is proving inadequate for the growing attendance. A new brick church is to be built on this same beautiful spot.

Rev. and Mrs. John E. Powers and family

The Missionary Society here at Mt. Zion is an old one, and with the exception of one new member, every member holds a "Life Membership Certificate." Feb. 19, a "ground breaking" service is planned for the erection of a new church building. It will be built through the prayers and hard work of the people here and I feel sure that God will bless their many efforts. The average Sabbath School attendance is 65-70.

At Cedar Creek, a beautiful mountain rural community 14 miles from here, the W.M.S. was reorganized in October 1948 and promises to do a great work for the Lord. The average S. S. attendance is 95-100, many of them being children. Last summer 74 D.V.B.S. certificates were given. This fact alone offers a great challenge in the Lord's work.

The bad roads, resulting from the many recent rains, make it hard on a car and almost impossible at times to drive through some places, so we are truly grateful for the gift of a Jeep Station Wagon from Dr. Samuel Fulton to the work down here.

Let it be the prayer of each member of the W.M.S. that the unsaved of the world, whether in far away Japan or here in our mountain community, may be touched that they may feel their need of the Saviour. Also please pray for the work here in the East Tennessee Mountains and for us, Rev. and Mrs. John E. Powers, as we labor for Him.

Worship Service

THEME: The Presence of Christ

CHRIST, THE UNSEEN GUEST—*Joshua* 24:15

By MRS. J. A. McARTHUR, Boonville, Missouri (formerly missionary to India)

"Go—Tell," is the command of the Lord. We have made Him *our* Lord, so will want to obey His commands. How can we do this?

When we establish a home we should make the decision Joshua made. Josh. 24:15. He was concerned not only for himself, but for his family also.

How can we bring this about? One way is to have a family altar. When we had our children baptized did not the most of us promise to pray *with* and *for* our children?

Let me quote a few sentences from an article by Dr. J. D. Rankin, published after his death.

"The men and the women who shaped the U.P. church were not reared in prayerless homes nor was their thinking shaped by fiction and the Sunday paper. . . . There is no power under heaven equal to that of the parents over the child. . . . It is the right of our children to hear what some of us older people heard every day: our names held up before God as entitled to his covenant blessings. How can we expect a divine blessing in our homes when we have thrown out the family altar and our children never hear us praying for them?"

When we stand in the glorious presence of our Lord how happy we shall be if we can say what is said in Heb. 2:13 (last clause).

For this we need divine help. John 15:5; James 1:5; Heb. 4:16. Another thing necessary, Deut. 6:6, 7.

This month we honor mothers, but fathers are also responsible, and to them Apostle Paul gives instruction. Eph. 6:4.

What confidence God had in Abraham regarding his household and his children? Gen, 18:17-19. Of how many of us parents can God say that?

Would we have our children walk in the way of the Lord? Then we must start them in it. Prov. 22:6. Would we have them love the Lord and be interested in His work? Then we must talk of Him and of it. My desire to go to India as a missionary began when my mother organized a "Mission Band" and told us of the mission work, though I was then a very small child. How grateful I am to her! I would not have had any other life.

If Christ is not only the Guest but really the Head of our homes, He and His work will be honored in our hearts and homes, and we will find ways to go ourselves or send our dear ones. One thing we can all do, pray. We pray here, and it is answered on the field. "If ye ask . . . I will do." John 14:14. Asking is our part, the working, His.

"Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring;
For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much."

—Selected

Close with a season of prayer by members present, praying especially for the families, and the causes listed for Days 11, 12 of the 1950 *Prayer Cycle.*

(Appropriate song selections, used wherever seems best in Worship service: *Bible Songs Hymnal,* Numbers 3, 42, 130, 156.)

A wise son maketh a glad father:
But a foolish man despiseth his mother.—*Proverbs* 15:20

Favorite Bible Verses

To Christians all verses in the Bible are precious. Usually not one verse, but many, have been the inspiration that has given to the world a noble Christian character.

For instance, in the clipping files of your editor are found these statements:

Jeremiah 45:5 made a missionary instead of a lawyer out of *Henry Martyn.*

Psalm 62:5-8 was loved by *Captain Allen Gardiner,* missionary to Tierra del Fuego, S. A..

Psalm 121 was repeated by *David Livingstone* and his family before he started to Africa.

John 7:37 led *David Brainerd* to be a missionary to the Indians.

Psalm 107:14 was the verse *Hans Egede* claimed as his promise when icebergs surrounded his ship *The Hope.*

Dr. A. E. Kelly, the Executive Secretary-Treasurer of our U.P. Board of Administration, states that although many verses are treasured in his mind, yet perhaps Isaiah 6, especially the eighth verse led to his decision to enter the ministry.

What is your favorite verse? Or, one learned in childhood? You have an opportunity to tell others in the May program Roll Call!

Missionaries of Gujranwala and Sialkot, Pakistan

J. D. Brown—1 Tim. 1:15
Mrs. J. D. Brown—Psa. 118:24
W. C. Christy—Phil. 3:10, 11
Mrs. W. C. Christy—Rev. 3:20
G. L. Selby—Matt. 11:28-30
Mrs. G. L. Selby—Phil. 4:4
P. A. Miller—Phil. 4:6, 7
Mrs. P. A. Miller—John 15:16
C. E. McBane—2 Tim. 1:12
Mrs. C. E. McBane—Psa. 121:1
Louise Scott—Phil. 3:19
Marian Peterson—Prov. 3:5, 6
Charles C. Millson—Gal. 2:20
Edith Drake—1 Thes. 5:24
R. A. Foster—Phil. 2:5
Mrs. R. A. Foster—Jer. 23:28, 29
H. J. Stewart—Matt. 11:28-30
Mrs. H. J. Stewart—Prov. 3:5, 6
Evelyn McKelvey—John 14:6
Betty Turner—Heb. 11:6
Eva Hewitt—1 Cor. 16:58
Evelyn Cathcart—Psa. 71:16a
Glendine Lundquist—2 Tim. 2
Dr. A. T. Karsgaard—Isa. 26:3
J. B. Cummings—John 7:38
Frances Lincoln—Isa. 1:18
Helen Weede—Psa. 23
Margaret Ballantyne—John 1:29
Margaret Fehlman—1 John 3:1-3
E. H. Glassman—Rom. 8:32
Mrs. E. H. Glassman—Prov. 3:5, 6

Ethiopia

Mrs. Ruth Lobaugh Walker—Psa. 19:14

Favorite Verses of Members of Our Women's Board

Mrs. J. M. Heagen—Prov. 3:5, 6
Mrs. Thomas H. Newcomb—Psa. 121
Mrs. Charles W. Fulton—Acts 4:12
Miss Edith L. McBane—Rev. 2:10
Mrs. H. Ray Shear—2 Chron. 16:9
Mrs. Arthur B. McBride—Romans 8:28
Mrs. Edgar B. Murdoch—Deut. 33:27
Mrs. G. Virgil Hutchison—Isa. 26:3
Mrs. Russell K. Montgomery—Psa. 91:1
Mrs. William L. Neal—1 John 4:11
Mrs. W. J. H. McKnight—Psa. 139: 23, 24
Mrs. Walter H. Holt—Psa. 46:10
Miss Ida B. Little—Prov. 3:6
Mrs. Walter Brethauer—Matt. 5:13
Mrs. Thomas F. Baker—2 Timothy 2:15

A Treasured Bible Verse

Psalm 118:24

By MRS. VIRGINIA LIGGITT BROWN, Gujranwala, West Punjab, Pakistan

The Frankford Mission Band met every Friday evening for an hour. The sweet-faced leader, Miss Elizabeth Stewart, loved her Lord and loved to teach children. She taught her little band to spell, and make maps of Egypt, Sudan and India long before they had geography in school. She taught them to pray for missionaries, by name, who were working in our United Presbyterian mission fields.

We sang the Psalms. We will never forget "Children Come" — "Safely Guarded"—"Sweeter Are Thy Words to Me" and many others. One of our favorites was

"This is the day the Lord hath made
In it we glad will be."

This melody always "sang" so well and the little girl struggling at the piano didn't have to remember any sharps or flats! It was a message of joy in the Lord in childhood.

This same group grew up together in the church, in Sabbath School and Young People's Societies. Soon they were taking classes and places of leadership. During all the years they were singing from the Psalter and often using the familiar Psalm of joy in the Lord's gift of days, for youth, and His loving guidance of them.

The scene changes to the drawing room of the Girls' Ezbekiah School in Cairo, Egypt. It is Sabbath evening and a bright-eyed group of boarders are gathered for our weekly sing-song. The English words sound somewhat strange coming from lips used to Arabic, but there is a favorite song here too. The chorus is made up of words of one syllable and there is no troublesome accent to remember, and it is just the right refrain to express the joy we have in singing together on Sabbath evenings.

"This is the day the Lord hath made"

—a song of joy and growing riches in sharing Him with others in Egypt.

It is a beautiful fall day in the Punjab. A wedding day, for which Mrs. John McConnelee had spent days of loving preparation. It was the noon hour and guests were seated for the wedding breakfast in the McConnelee's home when our beautiful hostess asked a favor. Before the blessing, could we sing a song used on her wedding day? It had also been sung when her own daughter had been married in America, with her mother absent, but the mother of today's bridegroom, Mrs. M. M. Brown had been there to help. Thus it would be returning the favor her own child had received. How that group sang:

"This is the day the Lord hath made,
In it we glad will be."

It was the first time that this song was sung with tears in the eyes; and with the deep well of joy, knowing that this is my wedding day.

Twelve years have passed—in the same station of Gujranwala this couple is living. Now there are three boys' voices to sing with them at blessings and worship times. The years of joy in His days as wife, mother and missionary have been deep, full and satisfying. Dick, the eldest boy is struggling with "pieces" at the piano. A Psalter is on the piano, a beautiful melody (without sharps or flats) is becoming familiar.

"This is the day the Lord hath made."

Thus a verse so rich in memories and meaning for the past, present and future comes easily first to mind as I am asked to give a favorite verse from His Word.

Many persons are performing "services of love" today because somebody, sometime, somewhere, took time to teach, or to give them the Bible.

+ PROGRAM SUGGESTIONS +

Aim: To present the attractiveness, also the responsibilities, of the Christ-centered Family Circle (Chart, p. 386, *March Magazine*). In this study we are concerned with the first concentric circle — Home and Family and the individual members thereof. *Prayer* is the method of communication suggested. First, for each member of the family, then reaching out in intercessory prayer into all the other concentric circles.

Program Material: The articles on the three topics are intended to be "thought-starters," rather than comprehensive treatments. For supplementary material, see pp. 493, 507.

Roll Call: Bible verse learned in childhood, or a favorite verse. Note pp. 464, 465. Can you match the story of Mrs. J. D. Brown with a verse similarly precious?

Christ in the Homes of the World: With the cover picture on this Magazine display pictures, or pencil sketches of homes of many types, especially of homes in our mission fields. What do you find about homes, pp. 500-506? Search the New Testament for accounts of homes Christ visited. What blessing did he give each one?

For Quiet Meditation or Group Discussion

1. What Bible verses should each child learn at his mother's knee? Might the family commit to memory one verse weekly?
2. What memories linger longest from your childhood home?
3. What home memories are your children receiving now? Are you satisfied? Can you bequeath any greater heritage to your child than happy Christian-home memories?
4. If there is no family altar in your home wouldn't you like to start one now? May 7-14, culminating in Mother's Day is Family Week. What better time to begin doing some things we know would make for our homes more completely Christian?

QUIZ

1. Who said, "Daddy, I'm folowing in your footsteps"?
2. Who was a great poet, warrior, king, but a failure as a father?
3. Who made a famous prayer concerning the type of wife he hoped to select?
4. Who had Junior missionary meetings with her own children?
5. Whose lofty prayer bore each member of his family regularly to the Throne of Grace?
6. Identify: Rev. Allah Dittah, Rev. K. L. Nasir, Rev. Nazir Alam, Rev. and Mrs. J. G. Campbell, Dr. and Mrs. E. V. Clements, Zinat.
7. In whose land do Christians meet in one another's homes to sing, to pray, to read the Bible?
8. Of whom is the story told that in spite of loss of wealth and position she remains true to Christ?
9. Where is a parsonage grant a blessing?
10. Quote the Bible verse that helped David Brainerd decide to be a missionary to the Indians.
11. To whom is Psalm 118:24 "rich in memories and meaning"?
12. Which story-article shows that the law of sowing and reaping applies to homes as well as to individuals?
13. Describe a Nuer tukl.

Why Aren't They Like Us?

By MARY ELIZABETH SARGENT

When Richard Smith was six weeks old, his parents took him to church and had him christened. He was a darling baby, with wide blue eyes just matching the ribbons on his grandfather's christening dress, which he wore for the occasion. He was the third generation baptized in that church, wearing that dress and bearing the name Richard Smith. His parents could hardly keep their eyes on the hymnbook for stealing fond glances at him.

His mother, Sue Smith, could never remember afterwards just what they had promised, but she never forgot the lump which came into her throat while the choir sang, "Let the little ones come unto Me."

A Memorable Party

They had a pleasant dinner after the service. Her parents and Tom's were there, and a college friend of Tom's, jokingly referred to as the baby's godfather, although formal sponsors other than the parents were not necessary in their church.

The grandparents went home early. More friends of their own set dropped in, and the party really became one to remember. Dick, the honorary godfather, quite bubbled over on the bootlegged champagne and was really a scream. The baby, upstairs in his crib, slept through it all like an angel.

Little Ann arrived about eighteen months later. They had wanted a little sister for their son, but not quite so soon, and her coming was almost an imposition. Sue's mother had died that spring. Her father was breaking up his home to move in with a bachelor brother in another city. What with one thing and another, the baby was not christened.

"I'm really too busy now," Sue told the minister. After all, she was confused and unhappy enough without being bothered with unimportant things.

School and Sunday School

Dickie started Sunday school at five. A neighbor took him in her car, and if Tom felt like it, he went for the child. When Tom had a golf date, Dickie could not go to Sunday school unless the neighbor would miss church to bring him home.

Dickie himself was not too fond of Sunday school. Nothing in his early life had prepared him for the swarms of strange children he was supposed to call friends.

Experiences in the kindergarten of the public school helped to reconcile Dickie to his fellows. Sue, who had been a high school teacher herself, became active in the parent-teacher association.

Tom spent one spare evening a week, with other fathers of kindergarten pupils, repairing little chairs. He had great fun. Once, after collecting Dickie and Ann from the church school, he remarked that the beginners' room there was certainly shabby. Sue thought it a shame.

Dickie and Ann were both in the primary department when the family moved. Tom's business was prospering, and the new house on the other side of town was more in keeping with their position in the community. Gradually, as they made friends in the new neighborhood, the children started going to a Sunday school nearer their home.

Interested in Education

Tom and Sue went to the Christmas pageant. Ann made a darling angel. Sue thought the beginners'

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teacher rather unsuitable. She made a grammatical error which, although slight, was audible to educated ears.

The minister called twice before he found Sue in one afternoon. She apologized prettily for her absence. "I'm so busy with parent-teachers, you know . . ."

"I'm glad to see you interested in education," he replied. "We need teachers badly."

Sue said she could not think of taking on the responsibility of a class while the children were small. Perhaps later . . .

The children went to Sunday school quite regularly for the next two years. In fact they went whenever they felt like it. Dickie had a lesson book and Ann was supposed to learn memory verses, but Sue did not know that. She and Tom were busy building contacts for his business. The country club crowd was great fun, and there were dances every Saturday night. Other activities claimed them also.

On Christmas and Children's Day they went to the little church to see the program.

On Easter Sunday the whole family went uptown to the church where Dick had been christened. The faces of the people they had known, however, were becoming fewer, and although they had never withdrawn their letters they began to feel it was no longer their church.

Such a Dull Business

That August Sue received a call from the minister's wife, whom she had come to know in her university club. "Frankly, I came to ask you to take a class," said the minister's wife.

"Oh, I really couldn't," said Sue. "I don't know enough."

The eyes of the minister's wife roamed over the shelves filled with the latest books, and classics from Sue's and Tom's college days. "You have read all these, why not the Bible?"

Sue gave a small, deprecating laugh. "It's so dull, don't you think?"

Jesus and the children

Sue served tea and cookies, hoping none of her friends would drop in for cocktails before the minister's wife left. Sue was dying for a smoke. "Really I can't take a class. I couldn't keep discipline with boys. Tom? Oh mercy no! He isn't interested in religion."

Before the minister's wife left Sue had told her of her early dislike for the beginners' teacher . . . and confessed to a feeling that "people in churches are too narrow-minded. Always saying don't. They really drive young people away.

The minister's wife made brave answers and left shortly thereafter. . . . The crowd began to gather and Sue soon forgot the entire conversation.

Fortunately, Tom and Sue were unaffected by the depression. He began to make real money.

Before Dick had entered his teens they had built a summer camp. Fine cabin, warm enough so that they might extend the season over week ends until snow flew. Dick was in the open so much they ceased to worry about his standing as a Scout. Tom was too busy to help with the Scout troop.

Letting Children Choose

The young woman who had taken Dick's class called on Sue. Her face was radiant. She said all the young people in the class had decided to join church together at Easter, and that Dick had voted to join with them. However, after the first week he had dropped out of the pastor's membership class.

"I'll speak to him," Sue promised, "but I don't know. He has so many activities, and he belongs to a little club which meets Friday night."

"It's only for six weeks," the teacher began wistfully. "It is really important for them to understand what they are getting into."

"Well, I don't believe in forcing them. It's a free country after all, and children should pick out their own religion if they want one. I believe in letting them choose."

"If you really b e l i e v e d that wouldn't you go with them to every church in the city so that they might have a real choice," asked the teacher gently. "Your present attitude is the same as if you let your children pick which foods they would eat — and then prepared nothing for them."

She was rather hurt. The girl was single and could know little about children. Sue disliked religious fanatics. The teacher soon left. As she went up the street, Sue saw that her shoulders sagged like an old and disappointed woman's.

"They Always Lose Interest"

Dick never did join the church. He missed Sunday school because of camp, and the next year he was promoted and disliked his new teacher. "She doesn't know anything," he complained. Tom said boys usually lost interest in religion when they entered high school; he had. Sue said it was a shame the church could not find educated teachers.

Ann was baptized after all. It was really Sue's doing. Tom said it was a lot of foolishness and why should they stay home on Easter when the trout were biting.

In the end, Tom and Dick went trout fishing and Sue remained at home to see that the baptism went through. Ann had a movie date that night, and the next communion Sunday they were at camp.

The children attended young people's affairs for about a year. Ann's S u n d a y school attendance became spasmodic. By the time she entered high school it had ceased entirely. Saturday was her night for dates, and she was very popular. On Sunday morning she was really too tired to move from her pretty white bed. Sue said she knew just how Ann felt. She, too, had dropped out of Sunday school at that age.

The family continued to attend church on Christmas, and on Easter if they were in town. Only Sue went on Children's Day. She liked to see the little tots in their bright dresses although few were as cute as her memories of her own little Ann.

The War

The war struck the Smith family a stunning blow. Dick enlisted immediately, and after O.T.S. was sent to Ireland. Ann, still in college, eloped with a boy she had met at a U.S.O. dance.

Six months later Tom and Sue were grandparents. The doctor said the baby was premature. She did not look premature to Sue, but she wisely kept silent and opened her heart and home to her daughter and granddaughter, and to Ann's husband when he was home on furlough. He was a spirited boy, much in love with Ann.

Dick wrote from Ireland that he too was in love. She was perfect, he said, a regular Irish beauty. She was praying for him, and he felt he would be safe when he left for France. Tom said that was a laugh, anyone praying for Dick, but Sue could not reply.

Home-Coming

The war ended, but not the shocks for the Smith family. Dick married his girl and brought her and their baby home. He had a fine job lined up. They loved their new daughter.

Their only disappointment lay in her religion. When he had married, Dick had turned Roman Catholic.

"Why?" asked his father.

"Well," said Dick, "it's simpler. There are the laws of the church. I figured what my kids were going to be I might as well be too. They feel it's so right, and it *has* answered a lot of my questions about religion."

"Couldn't your questions have been answered in your own church, Dick?" faltered his mother.

"What church?" asked Dick. "You know I never stayed any place long enough to get a chance to ask questions."

Dick and Maureen are happy. They have two children now. . . . Their house makes Sue vaguely uncomfortable. There is no Bible on the living room table, and she misses that. And she finds something indecent about the picture of the Sacred Heart over the sofa. Both she and Tom feel that their son has grown away from them.

The Harvest Reaped

Ann's problems, however, are a greater cross. For Ann is not happy. Her marriage was based upon "love," fierce, passionate love; and Ann's husband conceived exactly the same kind of love for a pretty WAC in Manila. Ann is divorced now and working in New York. Her daughter is in a nursery school, and she seldom visits her old home.

It is just as well, for Ann has turned from a soft, pretty girl into a brilliant, brittle woman. She is cynical, she is bitter, and she has become a violently outspoken atheist. Sue, who has always disliked religious fanatics has discovered that she finds irreligious fanatics just as trying.

Sue feels neither happy nor secure. She tells herself it is just middle age setting in. After all, she is a grandmother, three times over. But on the nights when Tom is at the club or bowling to keep his waistline down, and on the week ends when he and "the boys" take over the camp and Dick joins them after mass on Sunday morning, Sue is left at home alone.

In spite of her work with parent-teachers, university club and the Red Cross and her many social activities, Sue is beginning to feel that her life has been rather wasted. "After all, women's work is deadly routine," she tells herself, "except for the children." And Sue is disappointed in both her children.

Tom is disappointed in them too. He voiced his regrets on a rare evening at home this spring, and Sue agreed with him.

"I can't understand it," said Tom. "With all the advantages of a good home and a Christian community, why didn't they grow up to be good, decent Protestants like you and me?"

REACH DOWN YOUR HAND!

Reach down your hand!
The little one who trudges by your side
Is striving hard to match your grown-up stride;
But oh, his feet are very tiny yet,
His arm so short—I pray you, don't forget—
Reach down your hand!

Keep soft your voice!
For it was such a little while ago,
This small one left the place where tones are low;
His voice still holds the cadence of that land
Where no one ever gave a stern command—
Keep soft your voice!

Lift up your heart!
The little child you struggle so to teach
Has resource far above the human reach;
Lift up your heart!

—L. H. Hill

On A Slow Train

By RIED F. SHIELDS, D.D., Khartoum, Anglo-Egyptian Sudan

(*Continued from March Magazine*)

We passed a hill which lay a mile or two away. It must be quite a big hill, three or four hundred feet high and with a flat top of considerable area. It was an imposing and beautiful sight covered with grass and scattered trees and a clump of tukls near the base. I have forgotten its name but my companion told me it was a stronghold of the Fungs.

The Fung was a superior and warlike race which inhabited this part of the country before the Moslem invasion. But though their valor was magnificent, their numbers and their resources were limited, their strongholds only small and isolated hills, and they eventually were conquered by the Arab invader. As I looked at that hill while our slow train passed it I was filled with regret that its garrison could not hold out. How different Sudan history might have been. How vastly different our work if the people were pagan Fungs instead of Arabicised tribesmen.

But there is no time for regret even on a slow train. The present is too much with us. We now become the aggressors in the spiritual assault on the powers now in possession of the land. Let us be certain that our strongholds do not remain too isolated, nor our resources too small.

In the late afternoon we crossed the Blue Nile over the dam at Sennar, where the water is impounded which irrigates some 950,000 acres of fine cotton land. Here at this station by the dam is a lovely prospect of trees and green fields. We get out to walk up and down the station for a little rest and diversion. Many other passengers are of like mind, and food vendors have a brisk business.

Some young men choose to dress for their stroll in brightly colored pajamas. Not because they are poor, ignorant fellows from the bush. They are some of the young intelligentzia travelling out from the big cities at the junction of the Niles and they are wearing what seems to have become the favorite garment for relaxation in all the Middle East — pajamas. The West borrowed that garment style from the East, I believe, but not from the Middle East. And why the present generation which cries so loudly for the preservation of national culture in face of gauche Western ideas should at the same time discard the more sensible and more comfortable jallabiya for a garment intended only for the privacy of home is as difficult to understand as hundreds of other absurd inconsistencies in a society where different cultures impinge on one another.

Some other men alight from the train. They are older and there is nothing about their dress or demeanor which would distinguish them from many previous generations. Each carries a small metal or earthenware ewer. Each walks beyond the edge of the station crowd, takes his stance facing Mecca, performs his ablutions and goes through his evening prayers. Contemplation of their prayers and their religious life and faith makes me very sad but I cannot help admiring their devotion. This slow train gives them ample time for this exercise but if it did not they would find or make a place for it in the aisle or vestibule (it takes a good bit of room). Their religion has a terrific grip upon them.

I wonder if as large a proportion of the passengers on a transcontinental train in America refuse to allow the unusual conditions of a crowded train to disturb their prayer habits? I watch these men. I long for them and all their people to know God as Jesus has revealed Him, not as Mohammed imagined Him to be. That cannot be until we Christians are as firmly possessed and absolutely controlled by the Spirit of the Living God as our non-Christian neighbors, are held by their abject obedience to a human religionist long dead.

NEWS FROM AFAR

Egypt

MRS. W. J. SKELLIE, Editor, Assiut, Egypt

TWENTY YEARS WITH SCHUTZ SCHOOL

We Nolins feel we have reached the end, not of a chapter, but of a volume in our lives. In February, 1929, after our return from first furlough, we were moved to Alexandria, where Mr. Nolin was to be assistant general treasurer, and, with residence at Schutz, to be superintendent of the school for missionaries' children. Now we are passing on to younger folk the responsibility that has been ours for most of these twenty years.

The school had been opened five years before, with Dr. Mark Roy as superintendent and Bernice Warne and Elizabeth Kelsey as teachers. People in America sometimes do not realize our educational problem for our own children. Schools here, even for English-speaking children, do not follow American patterns.

Various plans had been tried to meet the need. Many of the mothers started their own children on the royal road to learning. A one-room school in Assiut took care of the children there, and for a number of years a similar one was maintained in the Y.M.C.A. in Cairo. In 1924 the greater number of children in outlying stations, the lack of uniformity, and the difficulties children were having in adjustment to American schools in furlough years made it advisable to open a boarding school, with American short-term teachers, American books and course of study.

The new four-story building at Schutz, for summer residence, was found admirably suited to the purpose. When we moved into the ground floor apartment the "Schutz" pattern was well established, with classrooms, dining-room and kitchen on the second floor, and dormitories on the third and fourth floors, and a varied spacious playground.

This became "home" for a changing group of children across the years, never more than forty at a time, but always a lively crowd, from third graders to eleventh graders. We find that 172 individuals have spent from one to ten years in the school, all but twenty-two of them during our twenty years there.

Fifteen different teachers have served the school. Each one made her own contribution to the school teaching and life, but as I look backward, the unity and continuity of spirit and work seem to stand out, rather than the uniqueness.

Certainly a "Schutz" spirit developed, with little traditions that mean much to children. Birthdays always meant ice cream and cake for supper. Thanksgiving was such a glorious day that several times children whose homes were close enough for them to spend the holiday at home persuaded their parents to come to Schutz instead. Christmas programs, Valentine parties, Easter early-morning service in the garden, Scout projects of various sorts, Saturday-night games in the garden—all were red-letter events in the year's calendar. School songs, colors, mottoes, annual—we had them all.

The children came to us from our mission homes in Egypt, the Sudan, and Ethiopia; each year, too, there were a few from other Amer-

ican groups in Egypt, business or consular. Just as each teacher made her contribution, so each child added his impress. My mind is full of individual pictures—Earla Hoyman reading in the top of the Sabbath Day tree; Paul Jamison, a big high-school boy, walking carefully around the garden with our baby clutching one finger; Donald Moore teaching younger boys to play tennis; Betty Walker and Domer Dougherty trying to put initials in the highest place in the initial tree; Fred McGeoch raising silkworms or baby fish or rabbits; Rosella Hutchison and Ruth Nolin caring for all the stray cats; all the girls, one year, caring for canaries; Robb McLaughlin and John Grice spending hours in the carpenter shop carving a symbolic shield for Schutz—so many faces and forms as they changed from eight-year-olds to high-school graduates.

The war changed the Schutz pattern, as it did so many more important things. When Italy entered the war the summer of 1940 and the bombing of Alexandria began, the committee gladly accepted the invitation of Assiut College, and the school was moved there. Two happy years were spent in "Schutz-in-Assiut," where many of the old traditions were continued and others added. Our four children were especially thrilled to be really a part of the boarding school, and we were released from active management of the school, but kept in close contact with the life there through several visits a year.

The dramatic climax came in March, 1942, when the whole school assisted in the double-wedding ceremony for the two teachers and two New Zealand soldiers. Immediately thereafter the evacuation of foreign women and children from that area speeded up, and the school was closed for lack of pupils.

During the next four years that generation of children grew past "Schutz" age. When the need came in 1946 to reopen, only Ruth Anderson and Nancy Nolin were available to bridge the gap. They feel they have been privileged to have had three years of high school work in Egypt. "New Schutz" became a day school in Assiut, for all the mission children of school age were then living there, and three or four other American children were available to swell the numbers. When we Nolins moved to Assiut in 1947, we returned to the management of the school for two years. The Anderson and McClure children, our only boarders, were absorbed into the households of the college.

But there was still another, and important bridge between the old and the new, in the teachers. Ada Margaret Hutchison came in 1946 to open the school, and two years later Marian Jamieson came to work with her one year and carry on herself next year; both are Schutzites, well versed in its standards and traditions. Our commencement program this year, though held in the college chapel instead of Schutz garden, was just like so many that had gone before—a little play, then processional of the graduates, teachers, and superintendent, and a program of music, talks and presentation of diplomas.

As Ruth Anderson spoke of "Our Schutz heritage," I could feel an almost visible cloud of witnesses. I could remember all the incidents she mentioned, and many more—some things the children did not know we knew—the difficulties and sorrows, the achievements and the fun. It was with a sense of benediction that I heard her voice conclude, speaking for all those who had preceded her, "Surely the lines have fallen unto us in pleasant places."

It is too soon to try to evaluate the lives of our 150 children. Most of them are too young to have "arrived." Nor have we kept in touch

with all, but we do know that practically all were able to adjust themselves well to school life in America and to make good, or better than good, scholastic records. Certainly part of the credit belongs to Schutz.

Most of them are living normal happy lives in good, useful occupations, with sincere regard for their responsibilities as Christians. That in itself is a real achievement. But I find too that there are seventeen preachers in service or in preparation, eight doctors, and a goodly number of girls married to preachers or doctors. Seventeen of them are on the mission field now or have served a short-term there. Paul McClanahan has the distinction of being the first Schutzite to have children of his own in the school. We Nolins will always rejoice in the achievements of our "children," and follow their careers with an interest that is partly responsibility.

Just what will be the school pattern in the next few years we do not know. It depends on the number of children who grow up in the Egyptian mission, and on the plans that will be made by our sister missions in the Sudan and Ethiopia. Personally we can wish for the school and those in charge no greater happiness than we have had during our twenty years with Schutz school.

Mrs. W. W. Nolin,
Assiut, Egypt

FIVE LITTLE NON-CHRISTIAN BOARDERS

Nawal and Roheya are daughters of the mayor of a small town near Luxor. Nawal has been with us two years now and is about ten years old. From the very first she has taken responsibility and shown real character in following the rules. One day, four children were due for a music lesson. Without suggestion from the teacher, Nawal lined the four up and marched them in order to the classroom.

The little sister, Roheya, also has character. At their parents' request these children do not attend church on Sabbath morning and are left at the school with only the servants. One day, Roheya became so much interested in arithmetic that she wrote figures on many of the white tiles on the floor of our inner court. When I faced her with it, she was plainly ashamed and admitted doing it; then obediently set to cleaning the writing off the tiles. There has been no further trouble.

The father of Ihsan is the most cooperative of all the parents of our girls. He is prompt in payment of fees and generous, once having given us as extra five pounds as a gift.

Faiza is a very timid child. When she first came to us, her face was expressionless. We are pleased now to see her smiling and playing happily with the other children.

Amalia was a problem at home, quite uncontrollable they said. In school, however, from the first she was quiet and content—except when someone from home came to see her. Then she always wanted to go home with them. Once she ran away without permission, thereby losing the opportunity of spending a weekend at home one month. Servants and various members of the family asked at different times for her to be excused, "because she was small" and allowed to go. I insisted that because she was small she must be taught, and how else could we do it? She has now completed her punishment and will go home Thursday for the holiday. She evidently has learned her lesson for she has not attempted again to run away and has ever since been well-behaved.

These families are all well-to-do farmers and non-Christians. They have been very cooperative and seem to appreciate the school. We pray that these children, in spite of restrictions, may learn of the One who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not."

Martha C. Glass,
Luxor, Egypt

The North Sudan

MRS. REID F. SHIELDS, Editor, Khartoum, Anglo-Egyptian Sudan

REJOICING AT ATBARA

Imagine the thrill of adding to the school enrollment 83 *new Sudanese* pupils in one day. That is what happened to us in Atbara, February 1, 1950. And not only are all these pupils new and shiny black, but every child arrived with his fees in his hand. Today four pupils who had been in our American Mission Schools before were taken in, making a total of 87, just 37 more than we had thought our little rented house would hold. We tacked a sign on the door this morning to the effect that no more pupils could be accepted, nevertheless our sewing teacher, whom we had released from her work for the day, was kept busy all morning turning away aspirants.

How we have longed for more Sudanese pupils! We were led to ask the district commissioner about the possibility of renting a house in the native part of Atbara, a large area. He forthwith called in the shiekh of that section of town who informed us that there were two vacant houses, and he went with us to see both.

Rosaltha Kenagy and I decided immediately that we should like to establish schools in both places, for they are far apart, but we were conservative (chiefly due to the lack of competent teachers) and rented only one, it being just around the corner from the site granted us by the government for building our prospective new school. It is in the neighborhood where our Bible Women have most of their pupils. We chose it in spite of its being flanked on both sides by houses of ill repute.

The house has three small rooms, and by having parts of walls knocked out we made two of these light enough for classrooms. We raked and rolled and sprinkled the mud floors; gave them a coat of sand; carried down a few plants and bits of our assorted furniture (all of which is *very poor indeed*). Then we placed a notice on the door saying we were ready for pupils.

At the oven, Atbara School, where students practice baking, native style

The school had already been well advertised. The Bible Women had told about it in the homes where they teach; a faithful servant who lives just across the street had talked of it. We had had a group of interested visitors each time we had gone down to work on the place. But with all the publicity we had not expected the response we got.

We selected our teachers carefully, and were delighted when the two whom we felt best qualified for opening up this new work seemed really pleased to undertake it. They were a little concerned about the immediate neighborhood, but after they had helped there a day or two getting things ready, they lost their fears. We had felt from the first that we should like to have someone living in the little front room, which is too small and dark for school purposes, and to our relief the aunt of one of the two teachers has asked to rent the room and is to move in this week.

We rejoice that these children, almost all of whom have never been in school before, are Sudanese and that they are eager to come to us; over the fact that we are able to furnish them a school in their midst so that not one need ask for transportation on the school bus; grateful that we were able to find a place within a stone's throw of where we hope to build.

Most of all we rejoice in the opportunity to teach these little ones the Way of Life and at the same time to bring cheer into their drab lives. We were careful to tell in advance that we are Christians, and that the religion which would be taught would be from the Bible. The harvest will be the Lord's, for that is His promise to us.

Marguerite M. McClellan

Pakistan and India

MRS. P. A. MILLER, Editor, Gujranwala, Punjab, Pakistan

CONVENTION OF THE PAKISTAN S. S. AND C. E. FEDERATION

In January 1949 at the splendid convention held in Gujrat, West Punjab, the separate Federation for Pakistan was brought into being. It had become necessary to organize for this Dominion. At that meeting there was a most earnest desire among the leaders to bring all groups and classes of young people, especially, into the service of the Church in this new land. The area is small enough that we can know one anóther and work in the joyful unity of a smaller organization.

To this end the committee in charge planned for the several holidays in October at Moharram time a profitable week's training for S.S. workers in Gujranwala, ending with the Annual Convention for both S.S. and C.E. workers. It was their great satisfaction that Mr. V. M. Koshy of the Indian S.S. Union of Coonoor in South India was to be the pivot of that week.

In the end Mr. Koshy was prevented from arriving, and the committee arranged to have Miss Edith Williams of the mission Normal and High School in Sialkot fill the gap. For four days Miss Williams conducted most profitable teaching on Organization, work of officers in a School, preparation classes for teachers, and teaching. On other days there were model lessons, and two exceedingly helpful hours of Bible Geography by Rev. James D. Brown of the Seminary and Marian Peterson of the United Bible Training School.

On the daily program was a Psychology period, as unusual as it was useful, given by a Scottish missionary, Rev. Keith Paterson, and a compelling Bible lesson for youth by Dennis Clark, an English missionary. The convention theme, *"We are ambassadors of Christ"* was ably presented by our own Aurel Foster and two Indian friends, Mr. Albert, a Boys' H. S. headmaster, and Mr. P. N. Joshua, a Sessions Judge. From widespread areas earnest and zealous young people came to receive inspiration to open new schools and make the old ones better.

The Gujranwala Committee of Indian friends who catered for the 85 delegates did a remarkable job of making all the visitors happy. In the Urdu write-up one said, "We were so content we did not think of home." High praise for a Punjabi.

To the home church I want to make this plea:

Pray for Sabbath Schools and all work among youth in Pakistan. That 1950 may be a year of advance among all denominations in leading children and youth to Christ. There are indications of a live youth movement in several quarters. May it be truly spiritual.

Eva Hewitt, Sialkot, Pakistan

Ethiopia

MRS. RUTH LOBAUGH WALKER, Editor, Addis Ababa, Ethiopia

More News Flashes

The dedication of the Matthews' School for the Blind was held October 29th and classes were begun in the new building October 31st. Rev. Gidada Solon preached a stirring message which was received by a full house. The chapel room was filled to overflowing with government officials, students and friends from the church. As Gidada spoke of his own early experiences as a child without sight and of his deep yearning to be able to see, the hearts of the people were greatly touched. Telling of how the coming of the Lord into his heart brought a greater light than he could have hoped for, he dedicated the School to be a means of bringing the Light of the Lord Jesus Christ to the blind.

* * *

There were 45 children present for the Child Evangelism class this past week. Although the class doesn't begin until 3:30 in the afternoon, the children begin to assemble by 1 p.m. This group started with those children who were getting too old for Baby Clinic. Now there are about 75 on roll.

* * *

Hada Karu has accepted Christ as her personal Saviour! After living on the mission compound off and on for the past 25 years, she has finally given her heart to Christ. She has been widowed for a number of years. Sometime ago she sold her slave, then gave the money to a friend for safe-keeping. The friend, however, soon claimed the money had been stolen from him at night, so Hada Karu was destitute. She has done odd jobs around the mission compound ever since. Finally, because of her and some other widows like her, who had no means of support, a work was begun for spinning cotton and weaving. Daily she heard the Word of God preached, and finally allowed the Holy Spirit to do a work of grace in her heart.

The Lion of the Tribe of Judah

* * *

Dr. and Mrs. den Dulk have just returned from a full week of village clinic work. Rev. Gidada accompanied them, preaching to every group. Vaccination against smallpox was the means of gathering so many in for the preaching of the Word. In four days over 1500 were vaccinated and medicines were sold. New church areas as well as old were visited.

* * *

Construction has begun on the Shogo Church. At the present time the small group of believers in this area are worshipping in a rather flimsy building made of grass and sticks, but beside the present place of worship the foundations are being dug and stone is being put in place. On the stone foundation there will be a mud building with a grass roof. There are 26 communicant members in this church.

Hazel J. McGeary

President's Page

John 17-22—"The glory which thou hast given me I have given unto them."

Dr. L. P. Jacks once authored a book called: "The Lost Radiance of the Christian Religion." In this book the author deplores the fact that professing Christians do not always act like Christians, and sometimes when we see the sour faces of professing Christians and the drab homes in which they sometimes live we think that Dr. Jacks was right.

Have we forgotten that Jesus, in His high priestly prayer said, "The glory which Thou hast given me I have given unto Them"? This statement astonishes us. To think that Jesus gives to us the glory that God the Father gave to Him.

This glory is a wonderful way of living. He would have us have this steady radiance from within, which shines out through one's life, one's home, and all one's work. This radiance gives a vibrancy to a woman's voice, a lilt to her laughter and a lift to her labors. Her home will be filled with color and beauty. The glory which Jesus gives will reveal itself every day in a serene and quiet faith. Berton Braley expresses it so surely in his poem:

"Oh, you got to get a Glory
In the work you do
A hallelujah chorus
In the heart of you
Paint or tell a story,
Sing or shovel coal,
But you got to get a Glory
Or the job lacks soul.
Oh Lord, give me a glory
Is it much to give?
For you got to get a Glory
Or you just don't live."

Perhaps a Quaker lady gave the true clue in her wise answer to the question which was once asked her: "What is your prescription for living a wonderful life?" She replied:

I use, for my voice . . . prayer
for my lips . . . truth
for my eyes . . . pity
for my hands . . . charity
for my figure . . . uprightness
for my heart . . . love

This prescription can be filled without expense, and the supply will increase with continual use.

As we become partakers of the divine nature, by faith, as Paul suggests, we enter into the glorious secret of a radiant Christian.

Mrs. James K. Stewart
Recording Secretary of Convention

Editorials

PRAYING FAMILIES

"In the family of Andrew Murray of South Africa, eleven children grew to adult life. Five of the sons became ministers and four of the daughters became ministers' wives. The next generation had a still more striking record in that ten grandsons became ministers and thirteen became missionaries. The secret of this unusual contribution to the Christian ministry was the Christian home." (John R. Mott)

What was the secret of that Christian home? Was it prayer? Surely Andrew Murray began there to learn the lessons he gave to the world through his book, *With Christ in the School of Prayer*, which for a half century has continued its helpfulness to countless readers.

Godly mothers deserve the honor that is theirs on Mother's Day. Volumes in prose and poetry have been written about the power of mother's prayers. Yet we know too that father's prevailing prayers have availed much. Blessed are the fathers who say, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." Each parent and both working together, through private and family-altar prayers build a circle of strength about their family.

The family altar benefits those who kneel around it. It makes the little child feel secure and loved by God and family; it gives the young man and woman an abiding faith in the midst of conflicting ideas and ideals; it fortifies the mature with the sense of power that comes from complete dependence upon Christ as Saviour. Although there are many forces abroad to destroy the home, it never can be destroyed from without, but only from within. Poverty, sickness, slander, accidents have a tendency to weld members of a good home into closer union. But let selfishness, envy, jealousy, unholy ambition enter, and true home life is gradually destroyed.

The family altar goes into all the world. Its influence cannot be circumscribed. Definite prayer for others in other homes, in other communities and in other lands is truly a method of going into all the world. Let the family make an intercessory prayer list. One returned missionary was heard to say, "The church in the homeland is operating on a minimum of prayer." How unused the power! How limitless the possibilities!

With regard to this most important practice in the home, is there timidity? Is there self-consciousness, especially if the heads of the home were not reared around a family altar? Is there the problem of finding a time in this busy industrial age that all members can be together for mealtime, morning or evening prayers? No one can deny the reality of many hindering elements, but blessed are those who find a time and way.

Someone has said that the sum total of all prayers is but the amplification of four simple clauses: "Help me"—"Bless them"—"Thank you"—"I bow to worship." Interpreted in terms of mutual need and desire they grow into prayers of power. If God has honored you with a home and family He must want you to use them for Him.

"In distant lands they wondered how their simple words had power—
At home the Christians, two or three, had met to pray an hour!"

THE BEAUTIFUL GIFT

What can a mother give her children
Greater today than this one great thing—
Faith in an old, sweet, beautiful story,
A star—a stable—a new-born King?

Shining faith in the young lad, Jesus;
Lover of high white things was He:
Jesus—straight as a Lebanon cedar;
Jesus—clean as the winds from the sea.

Faith in the young lad come to manhood:
Jesus, compassionate, tender and true—
Oh, my children—what more glorious
Gift in the world can I give to you?

Carry it high like a lamp in the darkness,
Hold it for warmth when the day is cold—
Keep it for joy when youth goes singing,
Clasp it for peace when you are old.

What can a mother give her children
More than a faith that will not dim?
Take it, my dear ones—hold it forever:
A lamp for a lifetime—faith in Him.

—Grace Noll Crowell

O HAPPY HOME

O happy home, where thou art loved the dearest,
Thou loving friend and Saviour of our race,
And where among the guests there never cometh
One who can hold such high and honored place.

O happy home, where each one serves thee, lowly,
Whatever his appointed work may be,
Till every common task seems great and holy,
When it is done, O Lord, as unto Thee.

—Selected

The Christ-Ca

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"I am the Child.
All the world
All the world
shall becom
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For what I am,

"I am the Child.
You hold in you
You determine
fail.
Give me, I pra
happiness.
Train me, I beg
the world."

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DEAL GENTLY WITH THE CHILDREN

"Deal gently with the children,
Who gather round your knee;
Check not in sudden anger
Their merriment and glee;
The play that is so noisy,
So wearisome to-day,
Will seem like sweetest music then,
When they have gone away.

"Deal gently with the children,
Fast changing every hour;
Still strive to make them happy,
While yet within your power;
Each smile, each word of kindness,
Each joy to childhood given
Is like a step upon a stair
That lifts us up to heaven.

"Deal gently with the children.
You too were once a child;
Remember you were happy
When those around you smiled.
And, oh, remember always—
Whatever else you do—
To live as you would have them live
For they will be like you."

—Author Unknown

THE FAMILY ALTAR

O precious, holy altar,
O sacred shrine of home,
Strength for the feet that falter,
Light for the feet that roam!

"They who seek shall find me,"
The promise never fails.
God's wings protect benignly
Homes where this Shrine prevails.

—Grace B. Palmer

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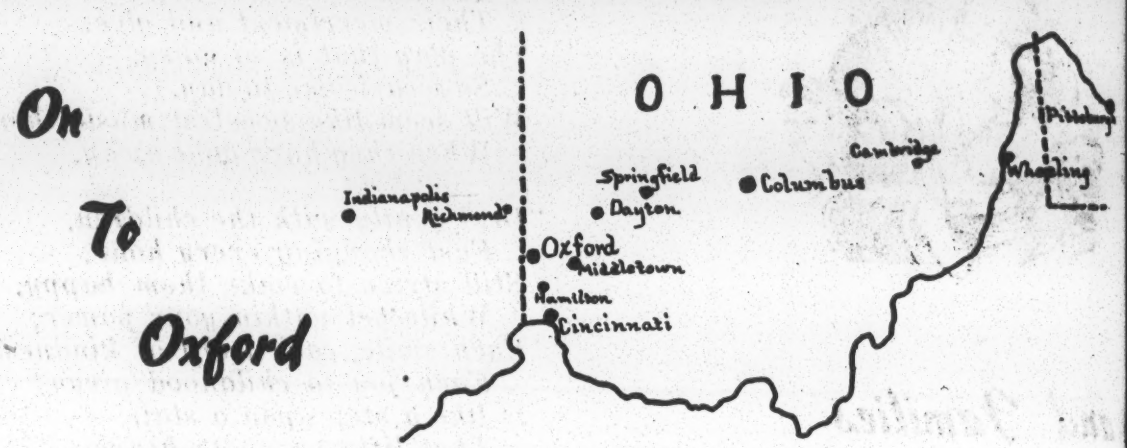
Announcements



If you plan to join the Pittsburgh party—

Reserve space on the chartered buses leaving Pittsburgh 7 A. M. June 16 from the Greyhound Bus Terminal. Round trip fare $12.00.

If you plan to drive—

Follow one of these routes leading into Oxford:

Route 27 from Richmond, Indiana, south to Oxford;
Route 27 from Cincinnati, Ohio, north to Oxford;
Route 40 from Columbus, Ohio, west to Springfield, then Route 4 to Dayton and through Middletown. Six miles south of Middletown turn right on Route 73 to Oxford.

If you plan to travel by train—

Consult your local railroad agent. Unsettled conditions make it impossible to quote train schedules at this time (Feb. 25).

"OXFORD SPECIAL BUSES"

Please reserve round trip space for me on one of the chartered buses to the Oxford Convention, leaving Pittsburgh, Pa., on June 16 at 7 A.M. from the Pennsylvania Greyhound Lines Bus Terminal, Liberty Avenue at Grant Street.

Name _____

Address _____

_____

I expect to board the bus at the Greyhound Bus Station

at _____

(Mark Pittsburgh, Pa., or other point en route.)

I am enclosing check ☐ *or money order* ☐ *in the amount of* $12.00 *for this round trip transportation.*

Please Send Before May 25 to WGMS Transportation Committee 907 Publication Building, 209 Ninth Street, Pittsburgh 22, Pa.

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WELCOME TO OXFORD!

The United Presbyterian women in southwestern Ohio and southeastern Indiana are looking forward eagerly to the WGMS meeting in Oxford, June 16-20. WGMS programs have the reputation of always being good. We feel no responsibility for the program. But we do crave for each guest full enjoyment of all the intervening hours—good Christian fellowship one with the other. We feel particularly fortunate in the physical facilities, because we believe you will be quite comfortable in Hamilton and South Halls. Thy are attractive and spacious and your paths will frequently cross. We would like each of you to come with the spirit of friendliness and the desire to know each other better because all have the common interest of doing our small part to make the whole world a more Christian world.

The Publicity Committee

ENTERTAINMENT AT OXFORD WGMS CONVENTION

Board and room, including dinner on June 16 through breakfast on June 21 ..... $18.00
Lunch and dinner tickets for the entire Convention 10.00
Single meals: Breakfast, $.75; Lunch, $1.00; Dinner, $1.50.

All who plan to attend (officers, delegates and visitors), please send request for reservation (not the money) to the chairman of the Assignment Committee: *Miss Isabelle K. Brittain,* 117 West Church Street, Oxford, Ohio.

Mrs. Thomas F. Baker, newly-elected member of the Board of Directors, has been chosen Prayer Group Secretary. She will succeed Mrs. John C. Spielman who resigned last fall.

Edith L. McBane, Recording Secretary

CLUB RATE—WOMEN'S MISSIONARY MAGAZINE

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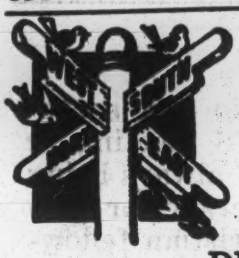
Please order your Program Calendars from Mrs. Arnold also.



Notes From Ohio Synod

(Presbyterials of Detroit, Mansfield, Muskingum, Steubenville, Wheeling)

By MRS. RALPH W. MANSFIELD, New Concord, Ohio

DETROIT

Miss Kate A. Hill, retired India missionary, was guest for five weeks last fall of Detroit Presbyterial. Her program included eight Thank Offering addresses, the annual Prayer Retreat, and thirteen other missionary meetings.

Non Nobis Society of First Church had a rich treat in October, when Dr. Reba Hunsberger of Pakistan was guest speaker.

For years, the Betty Hall society of Military Avenue Church has sent Christmas candy to our mission at Prairie, Alabama. Each Junior of this church chooses a missionary, and keeps a note-book of information.

Southfield societies—Junior, Girls' Circle, two Young Women's and Women's — have included the destitute of Germany, as well as our southern missions, in their sending of boxes, and have sponsored several missionary films for Sabbath evening services.

Oakland Avenue, Pontiac, has recently seen two young women enter foreign service—Ann Adair McGeoch, formerly director of Christian Education, to Egypt, and Eleanor Creswell Van Lierop, daughter of the pastor, to Korea. Drayton Plains societies also now have a representative in Egypt, Miss Inez Sutton.

Sheets for United Christian Hospital at Lahore, Pakistan, are being collected by the Littlefield women. Dr. John Vroon, head of the hospital, is a member of this congregation. It is the annual practice of this group to invite and encourage members of the Dorcas Electa Circle (out-of-High-School-age) to transfer membership to the Women's Association, holding a special induction service.

Calvin women have been making children's clothes for Frenchburg.

Cherry Hill Women's Association has had special speakers recently, including an army colonel's wife speaking on conditions and missionary work in Japan, and a re-placed person from the Ukraine.

MANSFIELD

The Fall Presbyterial was held in the Fresno church. Rev. A. M. Roy of the Sudan was the speaker.

First Church, Canton, societies report a good response by their members, in writing their senators about the Langer Bill, as have many other groups in the Synod.

The societies of the Reedurban Church are happy to have sharing in their activities, Miss Corena Daugherty, who was the missionary in charge of the beginnings of this congregation, as well as of Bedford Avenue and Fairmount Park. They have groups named in her honor.

The Women's society of Savannah has sent nine boxes of new and used clothing to southern missions. The Girls' Circle sent a layette to Tama, Iowa, for Christmas.

First Mansfield reports a two-day missionary conference in November, in connection with the Thank Offering, with Miss Ruth Beatty of Ethiopia, as guest. East Mansfield societies also shared in this fellowship, and as a result, the groups from the two churches are cooperating in securing a sterilizer for Sayo Hospital. Both churches have new Junior societies within the year. The East Mansfield Juniors sent to the Tarkio Convention Junior Exhibit a fine gift of scrap-books and materials.

MUSKINGUM

The Women's Society of New Concord reports that 80% of the active members completed the Reading Course—a splendid record, for an informed society is an interested, ac-

tive society. Both Women's and Emma Montgomery societies have participated in a Community School of Missions, and plans are under way for another next year.

The Women's Association of the First Church, Cambridge, has many activities, one being to provide meals for the meetings of the combined Youth Clubs of the two Cambridge churches.

Recent projects of the societies of the Second Church, Cambridge, have included preparing shirts for Leper Missions, and sending "Pieces for Peace." Application has been made for a displaced family.

Ayers Circle of the Bloomfield Church is composed of 24 teen-agers. In addition to their missionary activity, these girls have organized a Glee Club, and frequently present special music in the church services.

The Women's society of Mt. Hermon Church has provided a new bulletin board for the church lawn, to extend an invitation to passers-by. (Did you ever notice the large percentage of rural churches which have nothing of the sort, and by their "silence" fail to express Christian hospitality?)

New Salem society has sent tea towels and pot-holders to Frenchburg, and Christmas remembrances to all their sick and shut-ins.

Rix Mills society reports having Life Memberships for Juniors, and sending gifts of clothing to missions.

The Women of Lebanon encouraged the trustees of the church to the extent of more than $500 toward the complete redecorating of the church. The Society entertained the Presbyterial.

Zanesville has a new Girls' Circle named "Mary Nola" for the pastor's wife. This group sent new gifts to Frenchburg for Christmas. The members of the Women's society finance extra Life Memberships for their own and Junior societies, by special birthday contributions of one dollar each, given throughout the year.

STEUBENVILLE

The Nelle P. Smith Society of Wellsville has contributed a scholarship at Frenchburg this year, helped leper work through Pete the Pig, sent CARE packages, and provided dresser scarves for Columbia Hospital.

Interest in Pakistan has increased in the First Church, East Liverpool, since a son of the congregation, Rev. C. Emerson McBane, has been stationed in Gujranwala. Over $300 have been contributed to a nursing project in Sialkot Hospital and a village school near Gujranwala. Juniors recently presented a Temperance play which was recorded and sent to Gujranwala Juniors.

The Presbyterial Fall Rally and Prayer Retreat was held in the Calcutta church, the attendance being the largest in years.

Glenmoor Women's and Young Women's societies feel they have found the solution for the "busy High School girl" problem. They sponsor this teen-age group, which meets each month at the church from 5:30 to 7:30 p.m. The sponsors furnish the main dishes for the meal, and each girl brings sandwiches and a dime for dessert.

Roma Beatty Circle of First Steubenville follows the "Prayer Partner" plan of choosing missionaries as partners, and sharing letters from them at the meetings, thus learning much concerning their work.

Second Steubenville women have been making dresser scraves, tea towels and stand covers for Columbia, Jane Cook and Jubilee Hospitals, also baby clothes have been made and sent to the latter two hospitals and the Tama Indian Mission.

Scrogsfield society had a special privilege in having Mrs. Thomas Newcomb as the Thank Offering speaker.

WHEELING

The Women's Association of Wheeling reports the largest Thank

(*Continued on Page* 490)

Thank Offering

MRS. THOMAS H. NEWCOMB, Secretary, 904 Publication Bldg.,
209 Ninth St., Pittsburgh 22, Pa.

SENIOR LIFE MEMBERS, Cont'd
$25.00 Each

774. Mrs. Jessie W. Mitchell, Philadelphia, Pa. By friends in the W.M.S. Seventh Church.
775. Mrs. George Drain, Drexel Hill, Pa. By a friend.
776. Mrs. William Smedley, Drexel Hill, Pa. By friends in the Drexel Hill W.M.S.
777. Mrs. Howard Hoffman, Wynnewood, Pa. By a friend.
7778. Nancy Bruen, Upper Darby, Pa. By Helen Ritchie of Beverly Hills W.M.S.
779. Mrs. John Styche, Jr., Baltimore, Md. By friends in the Margaret Laughlin W.M.S. of First Church.
780. Mrs. Iris Shelton, Havertown, Pa. By friends.
781. Mrs. Mildred Chapman Wright, Pittsburgh, Pa. In Memory of Mrs. Martha French.
782. Miss Martha Miller, Pittsburgh, Pa. In Memory of Mrs. Edna Christy.
783. Mrs. Edna Campbell, Pittsburgh, Pa. In Memory of Mrs. Edna Christy.
784. Mrs. James T. Miller, Pittsburgh, Pa. By friends in the Emsworth W.M.S.
785. Mrs. E. Paul Richards, Glenfield, Pa. By friends in the Emsworth W.M.S.
786. Mrs. James E. Wigley, Pittsburgh, Pa. By Mrs. J. R. Wineman.
787. Mrs. John Van Dusen, Pittsburgh, Pa. By Mrs. Elizabeth Luchsinger.
788. Mrs. J. W. Bills, Pittsburgh, Pa. By Mrs. James S. McKain.
789. Mrs. Eugene A. Picard, Pittsburgh, Pa. By Dr. Eugene A. Picard.
790. Miss Mary Rohleder, Pittsburgh, Pa. By Mrs. Walter C. Brethauer.
791. Mrs. Annie Seibert, Gibsonia, Pa. By a friend.
792. Mrs. William H. Ravenstahl, Pittsburgh, Pa. By friends in Emsworth Mission Guild.
793. Mrs. Roger J. Culver, Bellevue, Pa. By a friend.
794. Mrs. D. Blaine Lackey, Bradford Woods, Pa. By friends in Warrendale W.M.S.
795. Miss Irene Clem, Pittsburgh, Pa. By friends.
796. Mrs. Albert Klein, Pittsburgh, Pa. By friends.
797. Mrs. Frank E. Callan, Pittsburgh, Pa. By her husband.
798. Miss Grace Miller, Pittsburgh, Pa. By her sister, Miss Pearl Miller.
799. Miss Nancy A. Martin, Pittsburgh, Pa. By Mrs. W. H. Norris.
800. Mrs. Minnie MacLure, Pittsburgh, Pa. By her daughter, Mrs. Clyde A. Jobe.
801. Mrs. Frances Pfendler, Glenshaw, Pa. By a friend.
802. Raymond D. Wagener, Jr., Avalon, Pa. By Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Wagener, Sr.
803. Mrs. Isabelle Scott, Gibsonia, Pa. By a friend.
804. Mrs. William C. Horst, Pittsburgh, Pa. By Miss Mary White.
805. Mrs. W. S. Emery, Pittsburgh, Pa. By Miss Mary White.
806. Miss Clara E. McWhirter, Pittsburgh, Pa.
807. Mrs. William C. Koecher, Pittsburgh, Pa. By a friend.
808. Mrs. Mabelle Stone, Pittsburgh, Pa. By her daughter.
809. Miss Jane Taggart, Pittsburgh, Pa. By a friend.
810. Mrs. Florence Hutchinson, Pittsburgh, Pa. By Women's Bible Class of Highland Community Church.
811. Miss Ruth Rotzler, Pittsburgh, Pa. By Mrs. Rotzler.
812. Mary E. Renison, Mars, Pa. By friends in the Y.W.M.S.
813. Harry J. Kohler — In Memoriam. By his wife, M. Rosamond Kohler, Bellevue, Pa.
814. Mrs. June E. Auth, Coraopolis, Pa. By her sister.
815. Mrs. Mary Millie, Coraopolis, Pa. By Mrs J. Stewart Moody.
816. Mrs. Sarah Petrie, Coraopolis, Pa. By a friend.
817. Mrs. Mable G. Harper, Coraopolis, Pa. By a friend.
818. Mrs. James W. Harkness, Coraopolis, Pa. By Mrs. Muriel Flinn.
819. Mrs. Eunice McConkey, Coraopolis, Pa. By Dr. and Mrs. J. T. Vorhis.
820. Mrs. Russel Brankley, Coraopolis, Pa. By Mrs. J. H. McCartney.
821. Miss Geraldine Harper, Coraopolis, Pa. By her mother.
822. Mrs. Robert Harper, Coraopolis, Pa. By Mrs. A. F. Purdy.
823. Mrs. Sarah Knobloch, Coraopolis, Pa. By a friend.
824. Mrs. J. W. Rankin, Coraopolis, Pa. By Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Hervey.
825. Mrs. Durbin Beckett, Pittsburgh, Pa. By Mrs. George A. Long.
826. Mrs. Janet Bates, Pittock, Pa. By her husband.
827. Mrs. William Lynn, Coraopolis, Pa.

By her husband.

828. Mrs. DeSora Clark, Warnock, Ohio. By a friend.
829. Mrs. Ethel Bowkers, Pittsburgh, Pa. By a friend.
830. Mrs. Jane Boli, Pittsburgh, Pa. By a friend.
831. Mrs. Ann McGuigan, Pittsburgh, Pa. By Mrs. R. P. McClure.
832. Miss Lida Edmundson, Pittsburgh, Pa. By friends in W.M.S. of Third U.P. Church.
833. Mrs. A. J. McCook, Pittsburgh, Pa. By friends in W.M.S. of Third U.P. Church.
834. Mrs. Harold C. Huff, Pittsburgh, Pa. By Mrs. W. E. Brown.
835. Mrs. Katherine Mills Jones, Woodville, Pa. By Mr. and Mrs. Frank Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Yoder and Mrs. Adeline Armstrong.
836. Mrs. Charles Low, Pittsburgh, Pa.y By friends in the Christian Service Union.
837. Mrs. F. B. Mohn, Pittsburgh, Pa. By friends in King's Daughters Society of Third U.P. Church.
838. Miss Mabel Haver, Pittsburgh, Pa. By friends in King's Daughters Society of Third U.P. Church.
839. Mrs. William R. McKown, Oakmont, Pa. By her husband and daughter Eleanor.
840. Mrs. S. R. Cousley, Pittsburgh, Pa. By her daughter, Margaret Cousley.
841. Mrs. Clara Stewart, Oakmont, Pa. By a friend.
842. Mrs. R. S. Smithley, Pittsburgh, Pa. By a friend.
843. Mrs. John R. Conover, Pittsburgh, Pa. By Mrs. S. R. Lacy.
844. Miss Lois Jean Abbott, Pittsburgh, Pa. By her mother.
845. Mrs. William E. Baird, Pittsburgh, Pa. By her mother.
846. Mrs. John H. Dague, Pittsburgh, Pa. By the Twentieth Century Class.
847. Mrs. George S. Patterson, Pittsburgh, Pa. By friends in the Auxiliary.
848. Miss Edna Belle Stark, Pittsburgh, Pa. By friends in the Auxiliary.
849. Mrs. Charles McGranahan, Pittsburgh, Pa. By her husband.
850. Mrs. R. D. Campbell, Pittsburgh, Pa. By a friend.
851. Mrs. R. F. O'Brien, Pittsburgh, Pa. By a friend.
852. Mrs. William H. Miller, Pittsburgh, Pa. By her husband.
853. Mrs. Frank Massey, Pittsburgh, Pa. By a friend.
854. Mrs. A. C. McFeaters, Pittsburgh, Pa. By Mrs. Richard Brown.
855. Mrs. H. H. Templin, Pittsburgh, Pa. By a friend.
856. Mrs. William H. Fox, Pittsburgh, Pa. By a friend.
857. Mrs. D. P. Wiess, Pittsburgh, Pa. By Mrs. C. A. Colgate.
858. Mrs. M. W. Brugler, Pittsburgh, Pa. By Mrs. A. C. McFeaers.
859. Mrs. H. S. Konvalinka, Pittsburgh, Pa. By Mrs. R. N. Grier.
860. Miss Delores Bryan, Pittsburgh, Pa. By a friend.
861. Mrs. Wade C. Hecht, Pittsburgh, Pa. By a friend.
862. Mrs. Hollis K. Mellotte, Cito, Pa. By the family.
863. Mrs. Dorothy Schlosser, York, Pa.
864. Miss Emily McCullough—In Memoriam. By friends in the Big Spring W.M.S.
865. Mrs. David W. Frazier, Glenshaw, Pa. By Mr. and Mrs. George Frazier.
866. Mrs. Florence Trimbath, Aliquippa, Pa. By Miss Elizabeth McK. Moore.
867. Mrs. Geraldine Emler, Aliquippa, Pa. By Miss Elizabeth McK. Moore.
868. Mrs. Stella Hineman, Aliquippa, Pa. By Miss Elizabeth McK. Moore.
869. Mrs. Florence Sams, Aliquippa, Pa. By Miss Elizabeth McK. Moore.
870. Mrs. Roger C. Crowe, Ellwood City, Pa. By Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Canning.
871. Mrs. H. G. Warnock, New Castle, Pa. By Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Canning.
872. Ethel Bates, New Castle, Pa. By Erma Bensen, Viva Sherman, Margaret Book and Helen Graham.
873. Gladys Kyle, New Castle, Pa. By friends.
874. Dorothy Craig, New Castle, Pa. By friends.
875. Mrs. Emma McConnell, Aliquippa, Pa. By Members of the New Bethlehem W. M. S.
876. Mrs. Annie Chichester, Aliquippa, Pa. By Members of the New Bethlehem W. M. S.
877. Mrs. R. T. Wallace, New Castle, Pa. By Mrs. W. J. Offutt.
878. Mrs. C. S. Dodson, New Castle, Pa. By Mrs. J. A. McGrath.
879. Mrs. W. C. Schlusser, Ellwood City, Pa. By a friend.
880. Mrs. Wilbur Burrows, Ellwood City, Pa. By a friend.
881. Mrs. Milton Anderson, Ellwood City, Pa. By a friend.
882. Mrs. Gomer Owens, Ellwood City, Pa. By Mrs. Mabel Springer.
883. Mrs. D. C. Service, Ellwood City, Pa. By Mrs. Mabel Springer.
884. Mrs. Emma Lersch, Ellwood City, Pa. By Mr. W. W. Davidson.
885. Mrs. James R. Lusher, Ellwood City, Pa. By Mr. W. W. Davidson.
886. Mrs. Parker McConnell, Ellwood City, Pa. By a friend.
887. Mrs. Sue Anderson, Ellwood City, Pa. By L. C. Barnhart and son Richard in memory of Mrs. Edith Barnhart.
888. Mrs. William Arthur McCoy, Aliquip-

pa, Pa. By Mr. and Mrs. William Pohl, Jr.
889. Mrs. Joseph R. Bruce, Aliquippa, Pa. By Members of the Raccoon W. M. S.
890. Mrs. Minnie Long, Beaver Falls, Pa. By her sister-in-law, Miss Mabel Long.
891. Miss Mabel Long, Beaver Falls, Pa. By a friend.
892. Mrs. Elizabeth Duncan, Beaver Falls, Pa. By a friend.
893. Mrs. James Shott, Darlington, Pa. By Members of the W. M. S.
894. Mrs. Andrew T. Fondrk, Darlington, Pa. By her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Sheffer.
895. Mrs. Effie Joy, New Brighton, Pa. By Miss Melrose Hawkins.
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897. Mrs. Myrtle Davis, Aliquippa, Pa. By a friend.
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899. Mrs. Herbert Ross, Ambridge, Pa. By two friends.
900. Mrs. James Starr, Ambridge, Pa. By a friend.
901. Mrs. Jules Brutout, Ambridge, Pa. By a friend.
902. Mrs. Anna Davidson, Enon Valley, Pa. By a niece.
903. Mrs. J. V. Shearer, New Brighton, Pa. By Miss Thelma Shearer.
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905. Mrs. J. O. Campbell, Beaver, Pa. By Members of the Maxwell Missionary Society.
906. Mrs. Lois E. Jenkins, New Castle, Pa. By Mr. and Mrs. O. A. Rodgers.
907. Mrs. Bertha Davis, Hadley, Pa. By friends.
908. Mrs. Edna McDonald, Greenville, Pa. By her husband, P. R. McDonald.
909. Mrs. Anna Davis, Hartstown, Pa. By friends in Women's Missionary Society.
910. Mrs. Evelyn Braymer, Meadville, Pa. By Mrs. Martha Woodworth.
911. Mrs. Bertha Clayton, Sandy Lake, Pa. By friends in Women's Missionary Society.
912. Mrs. Lida Graham, Sheakleyville, Pa. By friends in Women's Missionary Society.
913. Helen Barbour, Kennard, Pa. By friends in the May Holland Mission Circle.
914. Mrs. Isabelle M. Culbertson, Oil City, Pa. By friends in the McKee-Reed Missionary Society.
915. Mrs. Myrtle Foster, Oil City, Pa. By friends in McKee-Reed Missionary Society.
916. Miss Jessie Urey, Oil City, Pa. By a member of McKee-Reed Missionary Society.
917. Mrs. Beatty W. Palm, Oil City, Pa. By a friend.
918. Mrs. Anna Graham, Sheakleyville, Pa. By her husband, E. W. Graham.
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922. Mrs. Alex Fodor, St. Clairsville, Ohio. By a friend.
923. Mrs. John B. Dickerson, St. Clairsville, Ohio. By her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Mitchell.
924. Mrs. Elizabeth Cannom, Des Moines, Iowa. By her daughter, Margaret Cannom.
925. Miss Eloise Crabbe, Des Moines, Iowa.
926. Miss Anna Pressman, Des Moines, Iowa.
927. Mrs. D. L. McVey, Des Moines, Iowa. By Mrs. Dale Hess.
928. Mrs. P. G. Dykhuizen, Des Moines, Iowa. By Mrs. F. T. McLaughlin
929. Mrs. Ralph Moore, Pittsburgh, Pa. By her mother, Mrs. Annie McPherson Shingledecker, Houston, Pa.
930. L. Ethel McPeak, Carnegie, Pa. By her aunts, the Misses Paxton, Houston, Pa.
931. Lena Quivey, Houston, Pa. By friends.
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933. Mrs. Charles Campbell, Beaver, Pa. By her sister, Lena Quivey.
934. Mrs. John McCartney, Washington, Pa. By Mrs. Anna McIlvaine, Houston, Pa.
935. Mrs. Muriel Speakman, Houston, Pa. By Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Speakman.
936. Margaret Brown, Hickory, Pa. By her cousins, Jean D. McBurney and Martha L. McBurney.
937. Mrs. William J. Hast, Library, Pa. By the Mary R. Holleran Memorial Fund, Peters Creek W. M. S.
938. Mrs. Paul Sutton, Eighty Four, Pa. By Mrs. Elizabeth Weir.
939. Mrs. Lloyd D. Linn, Washington, Pa. By Mrs. Vera Knox Stine and Sara Knox.
940. Mrs. D. A. Scott, Muse, Pa. By her friend, Mrs. George N. Glass, Venice U. P. Church.
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943. Mrs. Bessie Miller, Washington, Pa. By Mrs. Ross Fraser.
944. Mrs. Paul Adams, Washington, Pa. By M. Josephine McNary.
945. Dorothy Louise Cook, Pittsburgh, Pa. By M. Josephine McNary.
946. Mexa G. Roberts, Washington, Pa. By friends.
947. Mrs. Charles L. Meloy, Washington, Pa. By Members of the W. M. S.,

Second U. P. Church; in memory of Miss Ada Meloy.
948. Mrs. Mary McElroy Wright, Washington, Pa. By Mrs. H. P. McConnell.
949. Mrs. Ada M. Clarke, Washington, Pa. By friends.
950. Edith Frederickson, Washington, Pa. By friends.
951. Mrs. William Pollock, Eighty Four, Pa. By friends.
952. Henrietta Noble, Washington, Pa.
953. Mrs. George W. Miles, Washington, Pa. By her four daughters.
954. Mrs. A. H. Scott, Rea, Pa. By two friends.
955. Mrs. Elsie Holzophel, Houston, Pa.
956. Dorothy Grant, Canonsburg, Pa. By Margaret Grant.
957. Mrs. Margaret Andy, Canonsburg, Pa.
958. Lena Rhys, Canonsburg, Pa. By a friend.
959. Edith Wilshaw — In Memoriam. By a friend in the Elizabeth McCahon Missionary Society, Chartiers U. P. Church, Canonsburg, Pa.
960. Mrs. Earl West, Washington, Pa. By her daughter.
961. Mrs. Grace Zimmerman, Venetia, Pa. By a friend.
962. Sarah Brownlee, West Middletown, Pa. By Miss Etta McClure.
963. Minnie Brattain, West Middletown, Pa. By Members of the E. L. Eagleson Society.
964. Edna Martin, Washington, Pa. By Members of the Jane Henderson Clark Society of First U. P. Church.
965. Mrs. Ernest Bradenburg, Canonsburg, Pa. By Mrs. Frank Bradenburg.
966. Mrs. Hilda McQuiston, Camden, Ohio. By Mrs. Robert Paxton.
967. Mrs. Mary Moore, Ezel, Ky. By friends in the Jeanette C. Alter Society.
968. Mrs. June Wilson, Ezel, Ky. By friends in the Jeanette C. Alter Society.
969. Mrs. A. W. Martin, College Corner, Ohio. By Mrs. Roy Wright.
970. Mrs. Marion Ritchey, Dayton, Ohio. By her husband.
971. Mrs. Robert Ellsworth Douglas, Hamilton, Ohio. By friends in the W. M. S.
972. Mrs. Laura Paxton, Richmond, Indiana. By friends in Reid Memorial W. M. S.
973. Mrs. A. W. King, Richmond, Indiana. By her husband.
974. Mrs. Ida Rahm, Lebanon, Ohio.
975. Mrs. Jennie Malot, Lebanon, Ohio. By friends.
976. Mrs. Thomas Huheey, Oxford, Ohio.
977. Mrs. Mary Wagner, Columbus, Ohio. By friends.
978. Mrs. Edgar Little, Cedarville, Ohio. By her husband.
979. Miss Lois Hutchison, Xenia, Ohio. By Ruth Hopping.
980. Mrs. S. O. Liming, Xenia, Ohio. By Mrs. Harry Nagley.
981. Mrs. Russell Bowers, New Burlington, Ohio. By her sister, the late Mabel McConnell.
982. Mrs. Isabelle Walker, Gedaref, The Sudan. By Mrs. Ed. Foust.
983. Mrs. Edna Ferguson, Xenia, Ohio. By Mrs. Mary Hopping.
984. Mrs. Lewis Beair, Xenia, Ohio. By her Mother, Mrs. James Bickett.
985. Mrs. James Hall, Xenia, Ohio. By Mrs. James Wagner.
986. Miss Charlotte Ervin, Xenia, Ohio. By Mrs. Raymond Cherry.
987. Mrs. D. B. Bickett, Xenia, Ohio. By a friend.
988. Mrs. Harvey Wilson, Columbus, Ohio. By her husband and daughter.
989. Miss Gladys Finley, Columbus, Ohio. By a friend.
990. Mrs. Huston Cherry, Xenia, Ohio. By friends.
991. Mrs. Harlan Butts. By Mrs. O. B. Tannehill, Yellow Springs, Ohio.
992. Mrs. Perry Bolin, Springfield, Ohio. By a friend.
993. Miss Nancy Louise Lannert, Springfield, Ohio. By her Aunt, Mrs. Hazel Lobaugh.
994. Mrs. Marie Rankin, Columbus, Ohio. By Miss Harriet N. Kyle.
995. Mrs. W. C. Bauder, Columbus, Ohio.
996. Miss Marguerite Moore, Columbus, Ohio.
997. Miss Susan Platter, Columbus, Ohio.
998. Mrs. E. H. Stout, Columbus, Ohio.
999. Mrs. Arthur Sutherland, Andes, N. Y. By friends in Cabin Hill W. M. S.
1000. Mrs. Olive Hoag, De Lancey, N. Y. By Margaret Ruff.
1001. Mrs. George Tweedie, Walton, N. Y. By friends in Mundale W. M. S.
1002. Mrs. Edith MacLaury, Davenport, N. Y. By friends in North Kortright W.M.S.
1003. Mrs. Lauren Kerr, Davenport, N. Y. By friends in North Kortright W.M.S.
1004. Mrs. Isabell I. Russell, Bovina Center, N. Y. By her husband.
1005. Miss Jane Davidson, Bovina Center, N. Y. By her aunt.
1006. Mrs. Barbara Hilson, Bovina Center, N. Y. By Mrs. John Hilson.
1007. Mrs. Nella Granlees, Delhi, N. Y. By friends.
1008. Mrs. John H. Egner, South Ryegate, Vt. By M. Louise Hymers and Mrs. H. L. Newkerk.
1009. Mrs. Christina Russell, Walton, N. Y. By friends in West Brook W. M. S.
1010. Miss Harriett Taylor, Davenport Center, N. Y. By friends in the W. M. S.
1011. Miss Ruth Knapp, Andes, N. Y. By friends in Andes Girls' Circle.
1012. Mrs. Agnes Draffin, Bovina Center, N. Y. By Willing Workers.
1013. Mrs. Maude Doig, Andes, N. Y. By friends in the Turnbull Society.
1014. Mrs. Hazel Oliver, Andes, N. Y. By

friends in the Turnbull Society.
1015. Mrs. Gladys Miller, Andes, N. Y. By friends in the Turnbull Society.
1016. Miss Celia Coulter, Bovina Center, N. Y. By two friends.
1017. Mrs. Ethel Forster, Tulsa, Okla. By friends.
1018. Mrs. Velda Taylor, Tulsa, Okla. By friends.
1019. Mrs. Harold E. Lobaugh, Tulsa, Okla. By friends.
1020. Mrs. Leola Cargile, Tulsa, Okla. By friends.
1021. Mrs. Belle Green, Canton, Ohio. By friends in Daugherty Missionary Society, Reedurban, Ohio.
1022. Mrs. May Mowry, Canton, Ohio. By friends in the Fairmount W. M. S.
1023. Mrs. Harry Rennecker, Navarre, Ohio.
1024. Mrs. Pearl Johnston, Canton, Ohio.
1025. Mrs. Abe Vessels, Canton, Ohio. By a friend.
1026. Mrs. Luella (H. B.) Braden, Chesterville, Ohio.
1027. Mrs. Eva Rusk, Mansfield, Ohio. By friends in Mansfield W. M. S.
1028. Mrs. Isabel W. Shane—In Memoriam. By Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Shane, Mansfield, Ohio.
1029. Mrs. H. M. Rust, Mansfield, Ohio. By Mrs. Frank H. Leavitt and Miss Martha Gump.
1030. Mrs. Karl H. Wolford, Mansfield, Ohio. By her husband.
1031. Miss Martha Sauder, Mansfield, Ohio.
1032. Mrs. James H. Reed, Canton, Ohio. By friends in Young Women's Society, Reedurban, Ohio.
1033. Mrs. Lee Stinson, Wooster, Ohio. By friends in the Isabella Yocum Society.
1034. Mrs. Heber Yoder, Wooster, Ohio. By friends in the Isabella Yocum Society.
1035. Mrs. Paul Flesher, Wooster, Ohio. By Mrs. Emerson Yocum.
1036. Miss Nan Wylie, Wooster, Ohio. By her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Wylie.
1037. Mrs. Lewis Fish, Mansfield Ohio. By friends in the Ella Montgomery Guild, East Mansfield, Ohio.
1038. Mrs. Leona Thompson, Fresno, Calif. By a friend.
1039. Mrs. Ira Mitchell, College Springs, Iowa. By friends.
1040. Mrs. W. O. Kenagy, College Springs, Iowa. By friends.
1041. Mrs. Frank H. Simpson, Alliance, Ohio. By her husband.

NOTES FROM OHIO SYNOD

(*Continued from Page* 485)

Offering in many years. This organization sent a gift to Miller's Ferry, Alabama, as a memorial to Mrs. Walter McClure, a faithful member.

Hannah Heasty Y. W. Society of Uniontown is sending book bags for use in the schools of the Sudan. This society and the Women's group recently sponsored a congregational dinner in honor of Dr. and Mrs. Heasty of the Sudan. Dr. Heasty, a former pastor, showed Sudan slides. A gift of money was presented for use in the further work of these faithful missionaries.

Louise Free Auxiliary of St. Clairsville collected 20 pounds of clothing, which was sent to southern missions. They also sponsored a shower of Christmas gifts for children in Camden, Alabama.

The Women's and Y. W. societies of the Bellaire church have opportunity to share directly in Home Mission work, several of them teaching and assisting in the Indian Run Mission in Bellaire. The missionary in charge is an active member of the Women's society. Boxes have been sent to the Home for Aged and the Children's Home.

The Belmont Women's society provides the "Garden of Prayer" for all families of the church, and the Junior Magazine for all the children.

It is said of the McMahon's Creek society that "the Prayer Cycle time is truly a half-hour in the presence of God, as each member prays.

The Roney's Point Juniors sent Christmas gifts to Indian girls at Tama, Iowa, and the women included the American Leper Fund, the Lawn Fete Fund, as well as the Tama mission in their special gifts.

The Cadiz societies have two former members in Egypt — Gertrude Jamison, for whom one society is named, and Mary Laura Markley, a short-term teacher. One program a year is prepared by one of these friends abroad, which helps to bind all closer together. The Josephine Gilmore society (teen-age) provides tuition for a girl in the orphanage at Khartoum North.

Young Women . . . Girls' Circles

MISS IDA B. LITTLE,
Young Women's Secretary, 1503 Dormont Ave., Pittsburgh 16, Pa.

AIMS: A—A Circle or a Y.W. Society, or both in every congregation.
B—Societies to support the WGMS materially and spiritually.
C—Y.W. Special Fund fully supported.

One dollar per member for those 20 years and over.
Fifty cents per member for those under 20 years.
Special Objects—Amount Asked, $9,000
Permanent—Support of G.B.S., Pasrur, India.
Annual—Salaries of Missionaries.

Mrs. A. C. Peoples, Member of Faculty, Camden School, Camden, Ala.
Miss Esther M. Jones, Colorado Presbyterial.
Miss Mary E. Cole, Bible Women's Worker, Khartoum, North, The Sudan.
Mrs. Anna Howard, Matron Frenchburg Dormitory.

MORE NEW LIFE

Delaware Presbyterial has a new organization at West Delhi, N.Y. The name is Semper Fidelis. Twelve members, President, Joyce Keiper, and sponsors, Mrs. Ralph Clark and Mrs. Herbert Sutherland. Under another heading you will find that this society has been very busy.

Beaver Valley Presbyterial presents its fourth new society for this year. Ellwood City Mary Ewing Society is its name. The Marjorie Faught Society has transferred to the Women's Department and very graciously formed this new organization to fill the vacancy caused by its transfer. If every group leaving the department took care of this matter as our Ellwood City friends have done, the young women's roll of societies would suffer less loss.

Excerpts from the daily paper tell about an early meeting of the society, named in honor of Mary Ewing, R.N., who is stationed at Doleib Hill, South Sudan. Miss Ewing went out from Beaver, Pa. Some articles on Japan were reviewed at the meeting, and a film showing Japanese home life formed the program.

Each member brought a tea towel to be sent to the United Presbyterian Orphans' Home at Valencia. During the evening baby kimonos for Tama Indian station were made.

NEW Y. W. SPECIAL WORKER

As you know, one part of the Special Work is on the annual basis—that of the salaries of certain missionaries. The personnel changes from time to time and as this occurs, new workers are presented to you.

Miss Ruth Findley of Los Angeles Presbytery is now engaged in congregation work, so is not under the direction of the WGMS. In her stead, Miss Esther M. Jones of Albany Presbyterial is working in Colorado Springs, Colorado Presbytery. In case any society would like to contact her, her address is—701 East Boulder, Colorado Springs, Colo.

Miss Jones has sent a few introductory words for our readers. We are happy to introduce to you—

MISS ESTHER M. JONES:

New York seems a long way off now but of course it is by no means forgotten. It will always be home no matter how many miles between there and where I am.

I was brought up a United Presbyterian in the Florida Congregation of Albany Presbytery. I joined that church when I was twelve. However, I did not attend our own church schools but went South for my higher education attending Bob Jones University in Greenville, South Carolina. This school is a Christian Interdenominational school that puts Christ first in everything. The years there were wonderful and far too short. I was graduated this past June with a Bachelor of Arts Degree in Christian Education and have my minor in History. Nearly all my elected courses were in the field of music.

At the time of my graduation I was still in the dark as to what I was to do in the Lord's service. But isn't it wonderful that He leads in such marvelous ways? One by one He opened the doors until finally I was on my way to His place of service, for I know I am right where He would have me to be.

Colorado Springs has proved to be a very nice city. It is needless to say that Pike's Peak is a wonderful sight of God's handiwork! I can look directly at it from the windows of my apartment. It is an inspiring sight each morning. The people here at the First United Presbyterian Church have given me a cordial welcome and made me feel at home.

The Lord has been blessing the work already and my part of it has only begun. My main task is visitation in homes where the families are not now church members, witnessing to them for Christ and leading them into the church for help in their spiritual growth. It is a real responsibility but a joy knowing you are doing something in line with eternity in view. There are numerous other tasks such as records to keep, reports to make, young peoples' work, music, and missionary society participation, etc. he work changes each day and proves always interesting. We are expecting great things as we continue to contact peaple. We are also trusting the church will grow in number as well as in the things of Christ.

"Square your shoulders to the world!
It's easy to give in—
Lift your chin a little higher!
You were made to win.

"Grit your teeth, but smile, don't frown,
We all must bear our bit.
It's not the load that weighs us down,
It's the way we carry it."

—*Selected.*

DOES IT WORK?

One of the first questions that is asked regarding some new plan is, "Does it work?" People are interested in results even more than how a job is accomplished. Yet in order to perform a task one must know how to do it.

This is a materialistic age in which we are living. The ordinary person is impressed by what is seen rather than in accepting the unseen, such as the right way of life and the rewards flowing therefrom. This accounts in part for the slowness of many to freely accept truth as found in the facts as presented from the pulpit by a godly minister or other Christian teacher or as found in the Word itself. Some must find a way to explain truth according to their own reasoning, not understanding that spiritual truth is discerned only by those who are spiritually minded. This possibly accounts for the attitude of the learned man described in the following story:

A mechanic was called to repair a giant telescope. When at the noon hour the chief astronomer came upon the mechanic reading his Bible he questioned, "What good do you expect from that? The Bible is out of date. Why, you don't even know who wrote it."

Puzzled for a moment, the mechanic replied, "Don't you make use of the multiplication table in your calculations?"

"Yes, of course."

"Do you know who wrote it?"

"Why, no, I guess I don't."

"How can you trust it then?"

"Well, because it works."

"I trust the Bible for the same reason—it just works!"

As Christians we should be more aware of the truth and the value of the gospel and of our relation to it. One thing is sure—we must not doubt the Word of God. The teachings of science should be accepted in so far as they agree with the Word. Plans and purposes not squaring with the Word are on shaky ground. We should be as sure as the mechanic that what God says will come to pass will do so. We should have no doubts as to the truth stated by God.

How futile is learning if it gives one only a material answer! It is quite time that Christian women, younger and older, know the truth as it is found in Christ and are able to give a reason for their belief and works. May we not be narrow and pin our faith on the earth and the things of the earth, but may we know that God's way works.

(*Continued on Page* 498)

Girls' Circle Program

By MRS. THOMAS F. BAKER, Pittsburgh, Pa.

"THE FAMILY CIRCLE"

This month we study the opportunities and responsibilities of witnessing for Christ in the relationship of the family circle in the place we call "Home."

Each day your witnessing begins in your own bedroom. It is a fine habit to pray "May the will of God be wrought through me today" as you cross the threshold of your room.

INVITATIONS

Secure a 2"x4" print of Christ and either put your date, time, and place of meeting on the back, or mount it on a folder and use the inside for information.

These may be slipped into the side of the mirror of your dresser in your bedroom as a reminder of your responsibility of making your home "a bethel where God may delight to dwell."

DEVOTIONS

The Worship Theme: Christ, the Unseen Guest. Joshua 24:15. Refer to some Christian home in Scripture, as:

The home of Aquilla and Priscilla where Paul visited.

The home of Timothy—His faith was traced through his mother Eunice and his grandmother Lois.

The home of Mary and Martha—Jesus found a welcome there.

Peter and Matthew made Christ the Lord of their homes.

Choose suitable songs:

Bible Song Hymnal: Pages 5, 98, 248, 156, 125.

Roll Call: A Bible verse learned in childhood.

PROGRAM

The first step in learning to live and work together to build a Christ-like world is found in the Christian home.

There are many books and pamphlets which will furnish material for the program, also articles on pages 451 to 462 of this magazine may be used to develop the topics:

"In His Steps."

Memories of my Christian Home.

Christ in the Homes of the World.

Amplify "Memories of My Christian Home," stressing the importtian Home," stressing the importance of the family altar. The influhome can never be measured, and bearing testimony of such a home may bear fruit.

Not long ago I visited a former Sabbath School scholar who had left our community. She is now married and has three children. Her home was truly "the gathering place of affections" and the "banner over it was love." It was Christ-centered and church-centered.

As I left, I spoke of the Christian atmosphere which pervaded, and she said, "One Sabbath morning you spoke of the memories of your Christian home, and as you pictured it a place where the family altar was established, where thanks to God was returned by your father at every meal, a place where love, security, happiness and faith in God prevailed, I purposed in my heart that I should have such a home." She had succeeded.

HELPFUL MATERIAL

(See page 507 of Literature Dept. for Titles and prices.) In addition, search your library for:

Homemaking—Dr. E. C. McCown.

The Church in the House—Rev. R. C. Sherrard.

For All of Life. The Christian Home, pp. 94-104. (Listed by Literature Dept.) This gives examples of Christian home in Asia and Africa.

The Cotter's Saturday Night—Robert Burns. Some of this poem could be read as a picture of a Scottish Christian home.

Remember days 11 and 12 in your circle of prayer. (New Cycle)

The Juniors

MRS. CHARLES W. FULTON, Secretary,
455 Forest Ave., Bellevue, Pittsburgh 2, Pa.

JUNIOR MISSIONARY PROGRAM
April, 1950 - March, 1951

PROGRAM THEME: The King's Story.

DEVOTIONAL THEME: Stories the King Told.

Easter Greeting from little Fatma Saleh, Egypt

APRIL
DEVOTIONAL: The Wise and Foolish Builders—Matt. 7:24-27.
PROGRAM: The Story Begins in Heaven.

MAY
DEVOTIONAL: The Sower—Matt. 13:3-9.
PROGRAM: The Story in The Home.

JUNE
DEVOTIONAL: The Mustard Seed—Matt. 13:21, 32.
PROGRAM: The Story Goes Round the World.

JULY
DEVOTIONAL: The Prodigal Son—Luke 15:11-32.
PROGRAM: Following the King.

AUGUST
DEVOTIONAL: The Talents—Matt. 25:14-30.
PROGRAM: How We Told the King's Story Last Year.

SEPTEMBER
DEVOTIONAL: The Lost Piece of Money—Luke 15:8-10.
PROGRAM: Telling the King's Story in Our Nation. (Home Mission Study Book and our own Missions in the Mountains and Presbyterials.)

OCTOBER
DEVOTIONAL: The Pharisee and the Publican—Luke 18:9-14.
PROGRAM: Telling the King's Story in Our Own Nation. (Home Mission Study Book and our own missions in the South and on Reservations.)

NOVEMBER
DEVOTIONAL: The Unmerciful Servant—Matt. 18:23-35.
PROGRAM: Telling the King's Story with Thank Offerings.

DECEMBER
DEVOTIONAL: The Pearl of Great Price—Matt. 13:45, 46.
PROGRAM: The King's Story Brings Joy to the World. (Foreign Mission Study Book and our own missions in Egypt and North Sudan.)

JANUARY
DEVOTIONAL: The Good Samaritan—Luke 10:30-37.
PROGRAM: The King's Story is Told Abroad. (Foreign Mission Study Book and our own missions in India and Pakistan.)

FEBRUARY
DEVOTIONAL: The Lost Sheep—Luke 15:3-7.
PROGRAM: The King's Story is Told Abroad. (Foreign Mission Study Book and our own missions in South Sudan and Ethiopia.)

MARCH
DEVOTIONAL: The Ten Virgins—Matt. 25:1-13.
PROGRAM: The Story Without An End.

Home Missions

MRS. EDGAR B. MURDOCH, Secretary, 4 Wilmont Ave., Washington, Pa.

DR. GRAVES REPLACES DR. WALKER AT THE JANE COOK HOSPITAL

The hospital and citizens of Frenchburg, Kentucky, and surrounding areas regret losing Dr. John Wade Walker and his wife, but take some consolation in the fact that they are going to a more needy area. Dr. and Mrs. Walker have rendered efficient and helpful service during the past year and a half. The doctor is a good surgeon, and is greatly appreciated by the people.

Both of these young people have been accepted by the American Baptist Board as medical missionaries to the Belgian Congo and will sail for Belgium in the near future to engage in a year of study before proceeding to Africa.

A farewell service was held in the Frenchburg United Presbyterian Church on Sabbath evening, February 26. At the Wednesday night staff prayer meeting they were presented with a pair of steamer rugs from the members of the Frenchburg School and Hospital Staff.

The new doctor for the Jane Cook Hospital and Frenchburg area is Donald Graves, M.D. Dr. Graves is a native son of South Dakota and a Methodist. He is a graduate of Asbury College, Wilmore, Kentucky, University of South Dakota and New York Medical School.

He has spent two years in Kentucky in a nearby county and has covered for Dr. Walker on several occasions during his absence.

During the past few months the hospital has served an average of nine or more bed patients per day. There have been difficult cases but also remarkable recoveries. We are thankful for the faithful staff of workers who carry on in spite of the lack of a head nurse.

Dr. and Mrs. John Wade Walker

Miss Margaret Buren who had a multiple fracture of her right wrist last November, is again able to assume her regular duties.

Mrs. Zelpha Swafford who served the hospital as practical nurse for more than a year has resigned to go into evangelistic work.

Arthur Gathman

The Board, as well as the hospital and community, regrets losing Dr. and Mrs. Walker from our Frenchburg work but his life long ambition has been to serve as a medical missionary on the foreign field. China was his first choice but when it became impossible two years ago to send him there he turned to the home field until the way would open for foreign service, and so he came to us. The Baptist Board has now appointed him to the Belgian Congo so we release him with our blessing. Thus for the second time Jane Cook Hospital has contributed workers to the foreign field. Two years ago Elizabeth Turner, a nurse there, went almost directly from the hospital to our own field in India. Mrs. Walker is also a nurse and has been nursing in our hospital. We are grateful for the fine work they have done for us and our interest and prayers go with them into their new work.

Dr. and Mrs. Donald Graves are

warmly welcomed as they replace the Walkers. They are young people and come with fine recommendations. They have chosen the work in Frenchburg because the hospital is a Christian institution in harmony with their ideals. Their present plans are to make Frenchburg their permanent home.

A DREAM COMING TRUE

The many friends who have contributed generously to the Elevator Fund for the Jane Cook Hospital will be pleased to learn that the end is in sight. Plans are being drawn for the necessary shaft and when it is completed the elevator will be installed. We were fortunate in securing a used elevator in perfect condition at a fraction of the original price, thus greatly reducing the expected total cost of installation. All the funds are not yet in hand, we still lack several hundred dollars, but we feel that it is now safe to begin work, as workmen can be secured at this time, hoping for more funds by the time the work is completed. We are grateful to all the friends, led by Caledonia Presbyterial, who have brought us so near our goal.

ACTIVITY GROUPS BUSY

Of the activity groups, the school paper publishers have made the greatest showing so far with several issues of the *Ezel School News*, a four-page new sheet published by the seventh and eighth grade girls under the direction of Miss Purdy. However, the year book staff, although they have no publication yet, have been busy preparing this year's *Ezelian*, which promises to be an outstanding annual. Miss Streblow and Miss Gieser are sponsoring this group and doing much of the editing in their English classes.

Coach Trimble's "Ezel Rockets" are in the midst of their basketball season with a record so far of 7 won and 7 lost. The playing of the boys indicates they will do better this second half of the season and in the district tournament the first of March.

The Ezel Girl Scouts as one of their latest good turns have secured a table tennis set for the use of the students during the noon hour and other play periods. Four of the girl scouts received their second class badges in a recent investiture service when five others received their tenderfoot emblems.

SECOND UNITED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, JERSEY CITY, N. J.

Since last writing for *The Missionary Magazine*, I have finished my work in our First United Presbyterian Church and have begun work in the Second Church in Jersey City, which is the sixth church I have worked in since coming to New York Presbytery almost two years ago.

The past two weeks since coming to the Second Church, I have been visiting families on the church roll who have been inactive. I have found that some have moved away, others have joined another church, and some unable to get out to church because of sickness in the home.

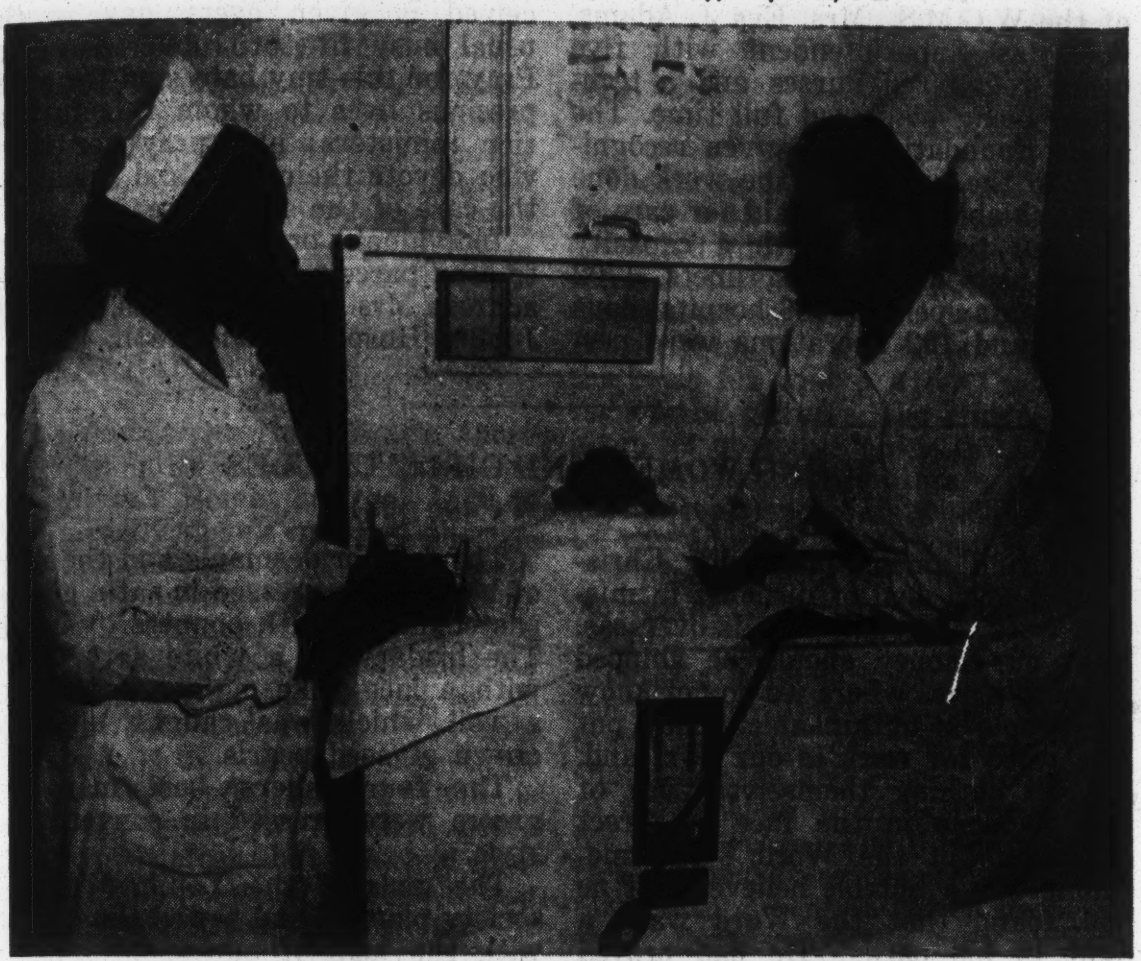
I covet your prayers for my work here in the Second Church as the field is white unto harvest. Pray that as we give the Gospel Tracts many might read them and in so doing will accept C h r i s t as their personal Saviour. *Jean Dickey*

SLOVAN, PA.

In our prayer meeting we have completed the study of "The Word of God" and they have voted to take up the study of "Isms, Heresies Exposed by the Word of God." Often when I am calling I talk with people who correspond with Unity or if I ask for their Bible they will hand me a book by Judge Rutherford so I pray that as we study our prayer group will have faith strengthened and be able to talk to those who are so deluded. *Mrs. R. G. Russell*

Negro Missions

MRS. G. VIRGIL HUTCHISON, Secretary, Imperial, Pa.



Mrs. R. E. Barnett, R.N., Baby Clarice, Mrs. Eva J. Adams, R.N.

The three figures in this picture have been involved in a most dramatic incident in Henderson, N. C. In December twin babies, a boy and a girl, were born to an unwed mother in our Jubilee Hospital. A few weeks later the boy died, presumably of malnutrition.

In February the baby girl Clarice White, disappeared. Finally, under police questioning, the mother led officers to the woodshed where she had buried her little daughter more than six hours before. Quickly the earth and wood chips were dug away and the tiny baby, wrapped in a flour sack, was lifted from the grave. Immediately she began to cry and so the police rushed her to Jubilee Hospital.

Mrs. Eva J. Adams, Hospital Superintendent, said the baby was filthy, wet and cold. She and other nurses worked all night with her and their faces show how happy they were that their efforts were successful. Loving care, given in the Master's name, has saved one of the least of these.

Many offers of adoption have been received by the sheriff and the police chief in Henderson. May this little girl have a chance for a fruitful life of service in a truly Christian home.

The plight of this tiny unwanted baby aroused wide interest and the story was carried in many newspapers and magazines throughout the country. While this interest will

soon turn to other news stories, Jubilee Hospital will continue to minister to Negroes who need its facilities.

This hospital is under the direction of the W.G.M.S. Mrs. Eva J. Adams, R.N., as Superintendent with five other registered nurses and a technican being employed full time. The Duke Foundation has given recognition to the quality of the work done and valuable financial aid for care of indigent patients. With a capacity of 37 beds and five bassinets, 1702 in-patients spent 10,566 hospital days there, and 192 operations were performed in 1949.

We are thankful that God did bless the means used to save Clarice's life. The same loving care which she received is given every day in the usual busy life of Jubilee Hospital. Pray for this tiny baby and for other precious lives to whom this institution ministers; also pray for those who devote their time and talents to the care of the sick there.

Individuals or groups who desire to send parcels to the hospital should address Mrs. Eva J. Adams, Supt. of Jubilee Hospital, Henderson, N. C.

YOUNG WOMEN AND GIRLS' CIRCLES

(*Continued from Page* 492)

We find among professing Christians a good deal of disbelief in mission work, especially if it is overseas. That our money should be shipped away to places where we do not know the people is unthinkable. They put in a word for work in our own land, but do nothing themselves. All of this happens in the face of direct commands in the Word. The mechanic was a humble believer, but he had found that the Word was "a light to his path." He had proved its workability. Happy is the person who can take God at his word!

WOULD THIS DELIGHT A TEEN-AGE GROUP?

A society, new last June, decided to put on a miniature wedding. This society, Semper Fidelis of West Delhi, N. Y., joined with the Junior society in putting on this program. It was a candlelight service and was given in three churches.

The four bridesmaids and the maid of honor were dressed in satin gowns, pastel shades, with bonnets to match. The bride wore a white satin gown with a lace yoke, a long train, and a veil which was caught up in a crown of seed pearls.

The four ushers, best man and groom were dressed in conventional style.

The girls of the Young Women's society planned and sewed the clothes with the help of our sponsors. We also supplied the music and served at the reception. The services were beautiful and impressive. The free-will offering netted us two hundred and sixty-eight dollars which was divided between the two societies. (Our correspondent did not say to what objects the money was given by the societies. We are sure, however, that a good many people had a pleasant time.) Miss Joyce, the new president, said the society is now making toys and clothes for India.

MISSIONARY PRAYER

Lord give a vision, burning within,
Of sinners dying, lost in their sin.
We've a commission—Jesus to preach,
I'll do my part, Lord; others to reach.

Indian Missions

MRS. RUSSELL K. MONTGOMERY, 9 Pocono Drive, Pittsburgh 20,

SPECIAL NOTICE

A set of slides on the new American Indian work among the Navajo is now available and may be secured by writing Mr. Orville Kuhn (Audio-Visual Aid Dept.), 209 Ninth St., Pittsburgh 22, Pa., and enclosing $1.00 *for rental fee.*

SIMNASHO NEWS

JOHN BARLEYCORN TAKES HIS TOLL

The day after New Year's there had been quite a celebration on the reservation. Some of the Indians were already drunk but still thirsty. One Indian who buys liquor with every cent he can honestly or otherwise get, decided to earn a little money from his pals. He drained his radiator and sold the alcohol to his buddies. Bill, the Indian who sold the alcohol, died and so did three others. We understand a fifth is losing his eyesight. Bill had heard the Gospel often but he had preferred his own path, almost hating everyone who tried to show him the error of his ways. It seemed almost ironical that Mr. Plank was called upon to preach the funeral sermon.

In reflecting upon this sad event, Prov. 23:29-32 is brought forcibly to our attention. "Who hath woe? . . . They that seek mixed wine. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." Indians as well as white seemingly never will learn that alcohol taken in small doses cries out for more.

TOUR OF MISSION PROPERTY

On taking a tour of Simnasho Mission property, one could not help noticing that the fences were down in some places. Because of the extremely dry summer last year nothing could hold out the cattle if they thought there was anything to eat on the other side.

The little community house is attractive with its new roof and newly decorated interior. It is used on many occasions; the Children's Bible Club meets there regularly. At present the filmstrip on the life of our Lord is the basis for study. After the showing of the pictures, the children are given an objective quiz. In the back room of the little house are racks of used dresses and coats which are sold to the Indians at a nominal price. The proceeds help pay for the weekly moving picture program of travel and religious films.

Often the Little House is used for the Sabbath Day services. During the extremely cold weather, the church creaks and cracks in protest to the howling wind as it has done for many years. The Simnasho winters are usually severe; this year the temperature went to thirty-six below zero. Because of the high ceilings and not too closely fitting windows, it is almost impossible to heat the church building during the cold winter months. The little house has proved an acceptable substitute.

The missionary's prayer is that the Indians through the grace of God will realize their need of Christ and that some day their church will become self supporting. Although the culmination of this hope seems quite remote, we trust that faith and prayer will bring it to pass.

SABBATH SERVICE AT SIMNASHO

One of the ministries of a missionary is the conducting of the Lord's Day Worship Service. Readers of *The Missionary Magazine* will be in-

(*Continued on Page* 506)

Foreign Missions

MRS. ARTHUR B. McBRIDE, Secretary, 847 Thorn Street, Sewickley, Pa

ARRIVALS AND DEPARTURES

With the safe arrival in Egypt of the Misses Inez M. Sutton, Louisa G. Hines, R.N., and Joan Murdock, R.N., all the Women's Board's new appointees are now at their work. Appreciation of new career missionaries and new short-termers is expressed by many in the various Missions where the work has been difficult because of limited personnel.

STUDY PLAN

Miss Mary Jane McKnight is taking courses in the graduate School of the University of Pittsburgh in further preparation for her work as head of our American Mission Schools in Atbara, North Sudan. She will commute to school from her sister's home in Ellwood City, her furlough address.

A NEW ADVENTURE

It was a great pleasure to us to hear of the beginning of nurses' training at Tanta Hospital, Egypt. Assiut Hospital has had this course and has helped Tanta Hospital in the need of nurses, but now nurses are being trained at Tanta and we heartily congratulate the Staff upon this part of the hospital's plan for enlargement of its usefulness. Miss Nellie V. Hill, R.N., is responsible for this training course and we are happy to report her account of the first capping service for nurses in Tanta Hospital.

"Our new project of a Nurses' Training School here at Tanta Hospital has really begun. When we capped the first two students last Thursday evening we felt that the school had become a reality. These two girls are choice students, both in theory and practice. It is a joy to teach them; they are eager to learn and are enthusiastic about every new experience. I feel we have a good beginning, for the attitude and ability of these two pioneers will set a standard to challenge other girls.

"They are both mature girls of firm Christian background. Suzanne, the older, is the daughter of a doctor and had graduated from our Mansura School; Zaizaf had been a teacher in an English Mission School which closed last year. They both really *want* to be nurses. I know you will rejoice with us that they have earned their caps. The graduate nurses, all Assiut Hospital products, marched in the procession and took part in the service. We have another student who came to us three weeks ago. There are four prospective students for September. I am enclosing a program."

CAPPING SERVICE
AMERICAN MISSION HOSPITAL
TANTA, EGYPT

January 26, 1950

Processional
Invocation.....Rev. Ayda
Address—"The Need for Nursing Schools"
Dr. Hutchinson
Solo—"Take My Life and Let It Be"
Mrs. Jamison
"The Nurse's Cap".....Miss Hill
Capping.....Miss Hill, Miss Moreeda
The Nightingale Pledge.....Nurses
Song: "I Would Be True".....Nurses
Prayer.....Dr. Galloway
Benediction.....Rev. Ramsey
Recessional

THE FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE PLEDGE

"I solemnly pledge myself before God and in the presence of this assembly to pass my life in purity and to practice my profession faithfully. I will abstain from whatever is deleterious and mischievous, and will not take or knowingly administer any harmful drug. I will do all in my power to elevate the standard of my profession and will hold in confidence all personal matters committed to my keeping, and all family affairs coming to my knowledge in the practice of my calling. With loyalty will I endeavor to aid the physician in his work, and devote myself to the welfare of those committed to my care."

Schutz School for American missionary children, Assiut Egypt. Christmas, 1949. Front row: Sara Parkinson, *Polly McClure, Mary Parkinson, *Billy McGill, *Donnie McClure, *Neal McClanahan, *Peter Roode, *Paul McClanahan. Back row: Mrs. W. W. Nolin—H. S. teacher, Esther Brown, *Margie McClure, George Meloy—Science teacher, Evelyn Brown, Eunice Brown, Dora Mason—House Mother, Mrs. Gordon Parkinson—H. S. teacher, Marian Jamieson, teacher.

*Boarders

SINCERE SYMPATHY

The mother of Mrs. Don Armstrong of Fowler Children's Home, Cairo, Egypt, passed away Sabbath evening, February 26th in Des Moines, Iowa. Mrs. A. W. Kubacky was looking forward to her daughter's return from Egypt this spring, after three years of very acceptable service in the Home. Mrs. Armstrong's many friends will be sorry to know of her loss and will remember her in prayer that "the God of all comfort" may give the all-sufficient grace in her bereavement.

BADOMALI, SIALKOT DISTRICT

Everything was exceedingly dry, for there had been no rain in this section since the last of July. (Letter written January 20th — Secretary's note.) The green wheat was very sparse and only a few inches high; the oxen were dead tired from pulling the well wheels day and night and there was little green fodder available to refresh and sustain them. The people, too, were missing the mustard greens and other green vegetables they are accustomed to in January. The days have been so warm and the nights so cold, and there was so much dust that colds, coughs, influenza and pneumonia were increasing in almost every village. The rain has brought relief to man and beast and new hope for a good harvest.

There have been a great many deaths this winter from pneumonia and flu. Wherever we went we had occasion to give sulpha-thiazole, and some very sick folk were brought to the camp, too. I spent most of each morning dispensing medicines, and in spite of my lack of training, am sure that some lives have been spared through prayer and the use of these wonderful drugs. We had a liberal supply of multi-vitamin tablets and some powdered milk to distribute in villages where people were recovering from flu. Church World Service has made these things available for us to give out and how much good they have done! People still need and ask for clothes. We have been giving out a few things to widows and their families only. I am certainly thankful to have all these nice little shirts which many of you made for me.

When we go back to camp we hope to see more adult-literacy centers and more schools. I was encouraged by the one center we saw and the one school, but oh, so many children are growing up in ignorance. Pray with me that their parents may be concerned to have them trained, and that schools may be provided for them.

M. Lois Boyd

PATHANKOT, INDIA

A letter from Dr. Vida J. Graham of the Avalon Girls' High School and Training Center, written February 10, 1950 tells us: "We are having winter weather, very cold, damp and penetrating. I feel so sorry for some of the people about us for you just know that they do not have nearly enough clothes. Even some of the

children who come to school look as though they hadn't been warm in a month. How they get food and sufficient clothing for their families, I am sure I do not know. Our milk supply has gone down rapidly but we managed to get a couple more drums of dried milk just last month and that has helped us out. We have very little left in the way of warm things to give out, so we are glad to have the dried milk. Do you remember the big box of clothing that I debated about bringing? I have never been sorry since I arrived in India; it has helped out many a needy one."

* * *

Miss Marie E. Cash, R.N., of Badomali, Pakistan, tells of some experiences she has had in her itinerating in medical and evangelistic work in the area. "After the first three or four days in camp, when people have learned of our arrival, we have had up to 144 patients in a day; most of the time there are over a hundred a day. With only one helper, whose qualifications are equivalent to those of a nurse's aid (except for the fact that she cannot read English labels on the bottles), it has kept me stepping. The need of medical aid in the village is tremendous.

"After dispensary we go to a village most days, either walking as much as three miles over rough fields, or riding a horse. (I'm a bit aged for all this and keep wondering what has happened to that 'Canopy Jeep' that I hoped might be here by this time.)"

PRAY FOR THEM

DOLEIB HILL, SOUTH SUDAN

"Although you cannot possibly know all the problems here, yet the Holy Spirit can pray through you, He will guide you in your meditation and longings," Miss Mary V. Ewing, R.N., writes. "Pastor La is showing renewed interest and is helping Dorothy Rankin with teaching a class of women and girls who want to be baptized. On Christmas Day seven school boys and four small children of believers were baptized. Afterward several women and girls spoke of desiring baptism too, so this class was formed.

"One of the school teachers here on the compound is now having daily prayers with his family; this is very encouraging. So we feel the Holy Spirit *is* working in the hearts of these people. In the clinic we often feel that people do not pay attention but every once in a while we find those who will ask questions after the lesson, and some can repeat the story that has been told. So for this too, we are very thankful.

"Bwogo's son 'Hyena' is coming to church every Sabbath and we are thankful for that. The younger boy is wanting special instruction to become an evangelist, but so far no one has had the time to teach him. We are praying some way will open up for him and others who are really seeking instruction.

"Aba Nyilek has been very faithful in attending church and in coming to elders' meetings. Because of his being a chief he has a position of great influence, so let us keep praying for him. There are many others who need your prayers."

TO SPY THE LAND

Actions from Association Meeting are coming to us. Miss Frances Turk, R.N., of Khartoum North, North Sudan, tells of her plans: "I am especially interested that you know that Association recommended that I go along with Rev. Robert H. Meloy in looking over El Fasher where we have been hoping that I could go and there start some work through a clinic for infants and children. It is a locality where nothing is being done in preaching the Gospel. Before our meetings Dr. R. F. Shields had written to the Governor of the distant city telling him of our desire to start some work there. His reply was that he didn't think there would be in that fanatic city a ghost of a chance of preaching the Gospel of Christ at all and in that case we as

Three beautiful, happy children, Khartoum North, Sudan. Left to right: Munira, 3½; Sammy, 2½; Nagala, 2¾ years old.

a Mission wouldn't want to start any work where we may meet stiff opposition. But Association has given me an opportunity to go and see the place in hopes of finding a chance to make a start there.

"It is going to be no easy task to leave my school home, but I have asked to be allowed to go. We must do things difficult as well as the more pleasant tasks, for it makes sturdier workers out of us. Older workers can go farther afield, and we should give up our places in the established work to newcomers. I hope you will fill up the places left to others in faith. We must do this, but not leave the other undone."

NUER TUKLS AT NASIR

By MARY K. SMITH, M.D.

"Tukl" is the word used by the English-speaking people of the Sudan to designate the common dwelling of the primitive natives. These tukls are found throughout the South Sudan. They are not only the most common type of building, but almost the only type and certainly the only one made by the natives themselves.

These tukls are round, usually between 8 or 12 feet in diameter. They are built of wood, grass and mud. The first step in building a tukl is digging the "foundation." This is done by digging a circular ditch about 1½ feet deep. Rough poles about 7 feet in length which have been gathered from a near-by woods are placed closely together in the circular trench. Mud is packed into the foundation ditch to hold the wood securely in place and above it is tied with grass and grass rope. The inside walls and dirt floor are plastered with mud making a nice smooth finish. The doorway is an oval just large enough for an adult to crawl through on hands and knees. Windows are almost non-existent—only one or two tiny air-holes.

The roof is made separately. More poles, longer ones, must be gathered. These are formed into a conical frame-work—the base resting on the ground. Smaller branches of trees are then used to fill in the frame-work, some going up and down and others around. When all have been securely tied in place with more grass rope, the neighbors are called in and the roof is raised and put on the building. Then a man skilled in the art of "thatching" is summoned. In the interim a certain kind of grass has been cut and carried in in great bundles to be used in thatching. After the roof has been carefully thatched and finished off at the peak with a fancy piece of rope work, another kind of grass must be found which is tucked in at the place where the body of the house and the roof meet. This acts as a water-shed to protect the house from the heavy rains. The thatched roof is also perfectly waterproof. More mud plaster has been used inside the house to seal the roof and body of the house together. Making such a house is a long hard task.

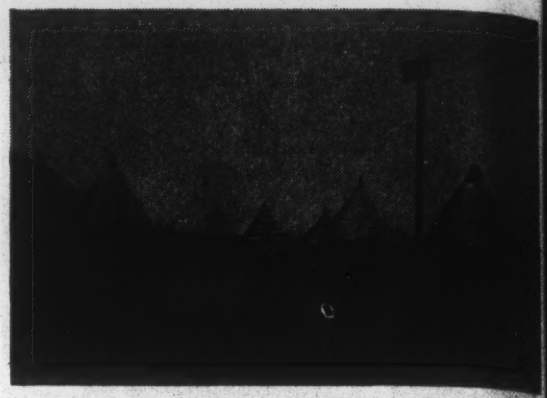
The wood must all be cut with a small sharp piece of iron shaped a bit like our awl and put on a short handle. The rope that is used must all be made ahead of time by the woman of the family. The women also cut the grass and usually dig the foundation and do the plastering. A tukl can be built only in the dry

season; that is the only time that the proper grasses are available and no house can stand being rained on before it is properly roofed.

In one of these tukls a whole family may live or there may be more than one house to a family. Usually each women has her own house in which she lives with her children. The man may also live with his family, but he may live in the "barn," which is merely a larger edition of the house and where the cattle also stay. When the weather is good, much of the actual living is done just outside at the door of the tukl—i.e. preparing food, cooking, eating, entertaining friends, etc. There is often a place enclosed by a cornstalk fence for just these purposes. But when the weather is wet or cold, all move inside into the little dark mud-floored tukl. Smoke from the fire or from the pipes, so commonly smoked, stings the eyes and irritates throats. At night the people often live and sleep in a smudge smoke with the doorway closed to keep away the mosquitos.

All their worldly goods and treasures, including much of their year's grain supply and horrible smelling dried fish, are stored with them in this tiny space. Termites eat the wooden rafters and a fine powdery dust constantly falls on everything. Termites also live in the mud of the floors and come out at night to bite and irritate the inhabitants. Army ants may take the place over at a moment's notice (they like the dried fish, too) or a poisonous snake may choose a tukl for his dwelling. The inhabitants do not usually argue with a snake but prefer to move in with the neighbors for awhile.

Considering how primitive it all is—how very down to earth and how much on the ground—these people live, it is astonishing how comparatively clean and neat looking they keep their homes. The floor and walls and doorway are frequently replastered. The house is kept well swept out and usually the yard is well picked up.



Tukls at Nasir, South Sudan

Of course there are all kinds of housekeepers, but the most of them do wonders with what they have.

Since the very early years of medical mission work at Nasir, these tukls have been built and used for patients. We put in small screened windows (which the patients usually plug shut with grass) and a slightly larger door. Many of our patients come from near by and can walk back and forth for treatment each day, but some come from great distances and must find a place to live. At the present we have only a few of these tukls or huts for the use of patients. A patient must be very ill before we feel justified in giving him one of these little houses. With each very-ill patient the most of his family come to live there with him. From our point of view crowding a whole family in with a sick patient is outrageous. To these folks, it seems quite natural and proper. If they are related or close friends it is sometimes possible to put two patients into one of these little houses. For many types of serious cases needing special nursing, treatment and care, these tukls are most inadequate, but to date they are all we have. On the other hand, no matter how modern we may become in what we can do for the sick of this land, these tukls will always be an essential part of the set-up, for in these our patients will feel most at home. These tukls can be used very satisfactorily for many types of medical cases and we hope to use them

extensively in conjunction with the care of motherless children.

A tukl usually stands about five years. We can hardly have too many of these little houses for the medical work at Nasir. We always have far more demand for places for very ill patients than we can possibly supply.

AT HOME IN NASIR

Miss Eleanor C. Vandevort's first letter tells of her new life in the South Sudan.

"I wish you could have had the experience which was mine in being the one who got on board the *'Anuak'* and waited *almost* patiently for five days until the old river boat finally made its way up the Sobat and stopped at this little spot in Africa which has since come to be my *home.* The whole trip had been one of utter faithfulness on His part. It amazes me how the Lord continues to teach us, and the great variety of circumstances and 'teachers' which He uses. The blackness of sin became a great reality, after I had stood out on the deck on a cloudy night and attempted to see—it was impossible. It is a perfect picture of these poor Nuer people who, having eyes see not and what seems to be the greater tragedy is the fact that *they don't know* they can't see.

"Here in the Sudan I think your heart would cry out to the Lord for the women and little girls. The older women manifest the years of labor behind them and the sin and darkness in which they live by their sad, drawn faces and worn, wrinkled bodies. They'll sit in front of their tukl doors sucking on these hideous, old, filthy things they call pipes, and I can't help wondering just what they are thinking about. What a life! And yet is this not the very life for which Christ gave *His* life? Calvary, too, means more to me than before.

"At this point in life, the days are pretty well taken up with the job of deciphering Nuer. Wycliffe (School of Linguistics) gets three cheers from me most any time, for it was well worth while, every bit of it. It was a little difficult at first to get into the realm of living in order to understand the Nuers, but even by this time the light is almost streaking my gray sky. Such minor detail, as not being able to differentiate between individuals, was one of the little items which confronted me. Nor did the Nuers help me much, for one day they'll come around with red hair and the next time you see them it's black! Taking away my sign posts threw me for a loss when it came to recognizing some of them.

"Were you living in this vicinity and interested in learning Nuer, except on Saturday and Sabbath, 6:30 would find you on your way to work and thinking up more words to ask your informant. Or you begin to realize just how many English words can't be easily acted out before a poor innocent native. Four or five hours of the morning are spent working on the language. I have been going out to the villages with Miss Huffman's boys and thereby have a little opportunity to practice a couple of greetings and good-byes, and be stared at by the populace—but I love it." —*Eleanor C. Vandevort*

"COME OVER AND HELP US"

This ancient call comes in our modern times from all our Mission Fields — Egypt, India-Pakistan, Anglo-Egyptian Sudan and Ethiopia. Many of those who have borne "the burden and heat of the day" are ready to retire or are in the last term of service before retirement. The need for career or regular missionaries is very great, for new doors are opening and other doors that have been held open by the Lord we have not been able to enter because of lack of personnel and money.

The Women's General Missionary Society appoints for foreign missionary service single women doctors, nurses, teachers and evangelists. There is also opportunity for missionary candidates who know accounting and bookkeeping for institutional

work and those who have had special work in domestic science, music, dietetics, public health, and home and family life visitation.

Short-term teachers, or those needed to fill gaps occasioned by the absence of regular experienced workers, are appointed for a term of three years. Often this period of service makes possible the discovery from actual experience whether foreign service is to be the life work of the candidate.

The special short-term needs for September 1950 are:

I. For Pressly Memorial Institute, Assiut, Egypt

1. A teacher with a Master's degree in Education for the Teachers' Training Course.
2. A teacher of Home Economics, one who could give the inspiration of scientific training to Egyptian girls and also be able to adapt the art to the needs of the girls.
3. A teacher of music — Piano and Public School Music. There are opportunities for service not only in the school, but also in the community.

II. For North Sudan Schools:

The three short-termers who have served so acceptably at Khartoum North and Atbara complete their contract this spring, and their positions must be filled for September.

1. For Atbara Schools—two teachers of experience, one especially trained in Piano and Public School Music.
2. For Khartoum North—a teacher of high school subjects and also a graduate nurse for teaching and welfare work in various localities.

If you have what it takes, there's a task for you in the mission fields. You must be spiritually, mentally, physically and socially fit for such work. Do you hear the call for service? If you cannot go yourself, you may know someone who can, and we all can *work* and *pray* and *give* so that others may be sent in answer to the call.

INDIAN MISSIONS

(*Continued from Page* 499)

terested in how service varies from that to which they are accustomed. The first aspect of variation is that we meet in the afternoon. This hour was set up when the only mode of transportation was the horse; it took some people several hours traveling to and fro from the house of worship. They would bring their dinners and eat in the little house where there is a kitchen. By two-thirty they were ready for church.

Another aspect of variation is that we do not break up our Sabbath School into classes. We have thought of trying it, but since the normal attendance is small, breaking up into classes seems unnecessary. The children know more Bible than the adults. Using the international lessons Mrs. Peak takes charge of the lesson, sometimes using flannelgraphs, but almost always having them read from the Bible. Most of the people who come are literate. There are only three on the roll who do not speak or understand English. After the Sabbath School lesson we sing another song, if the children are restless we have an intermission.

The church service must be conducted without a choir or special music. Responsive reading is next to impossible. Eliminate these from your own service, and there will remain the reading of the Scripture, the pastoral prayer, the offering and the sermon. That is what we have for our regular Sabbath service together with the singing of two or three songs. Each service is closed with the giving of the invitation preceding the benediction. How we long to have someone to respond! Pray for

Mr. and Mrs. Fermer E. Plank
Simnasho, Oregon

Literature Department

MRS. WALTER H. HOLT, Literature Secretary, 209 Ninth St., Pittsburgh 22, Pa.

Attention—Presbyterial Secretaries: Please see to it when you speak at Presbyterial meetings that you emphasize the necessity of acquiring the new *Officers' Packet*, the new *Catalogue*, the *Assembly Assigned* booklet and the new Junior *Wall Chart*, one copy of which will be found with each literature order. Make an earnest effort to see this one chart. Since a great deal of money has been invested in these, we do not want to run the risk of their being impaired or destroyed through repeated mailings.

1950-51 STUDY BOOKS FOR ELEMENTARY GRADES

HOME THEME: Cooperation for a Christian Nation

The Busy Berrys (Junior—grades 4, 5, 6) by Frances D. Heron; 128 pages, paper $1.00, cloth $1.75; *Junior Guide* $.35

The Berrys invade Morrisville, a village turned upside down by The Plasti-Kem Company. Soon Grammy, Danny—the whole family are puzzling over the town's problems. There's lot of mystery too.

The Three Henrys and Mrs. Hornicel (Primary—grades 1, 2, 3) by Edith J. Agnew; paper $1.00, cloth $1.75; *Primary Guide* $.35

Pick-pick went the axes. There it was . . . coal! A stark village sprang up in the "holler." What happened then and later to a community that needed help makes a delightful story.

FOREIGN THEME: Bible Lands Today

They Live in Bible Lands (Junior—grades 4, 5, 6) by Grace W. McGavran; 128 pages, paper $1.00, cloth $1.75; *Junior Guide* $.35

Young readers will find new friends in Amin and Ali, Musa and Safia, children who live in Bible lands today. Seven different countries provide the background for seven exciting stories.

The Thirsty Village (Primary—grades 1, 2, 3) by Dorothy Blatter; 128 pages, paper $1.00, cloth $1.75; *Primary Guide* $.35

Water was precious in the two villages in Lebanon and there was ill-feeling between them. Two little Arab boys, one Christian and one Moslem dared to become friends and pointed the way to a good neighbor spring.

For Teen Age study books, see the Reading Course List in the March *Magazine*.

PROGRAM SUGGESTIONS FOR MAY

The Story of Husna: the young North Sudanese mother who raised her baby "by the book." (new)	$.03
Your Home Today and Tomorrow by Agnes Askew	.75
Christianizing the Home by W. E. McCulloch	.10
Your Child and God by Robbie Trent	1.75
Creating Friendly Attitudes in the Home by Grace McGavran	.25
For All of Life by Wiser	.50
Christian Home Making—(in all countries) a symposium	1.50

Temperance And Reform

By MRS. W. J. HARPER McKNIGHT, 2901 Pioneer Ave., Pittsburgh 26, Pa.

May I fill this page with a number of miscellaneous things?

First—Please note the above change in address. The McKnights have moved into a beautiful new manse which has just been completed. Your letters are welcome whenever I can be of service. For purely routine orders of material you may send directly to the Literature Department, 904 Publication Bldg., 209 Ninth St., Pittsburgh 22, Pa.

Second—May I remind you again of the Protest Campaign against Liquor Advertisements in *Life, Time,* and *Fortune* as edited by Henry R. Luce. In my letter which was sent before Christmas to every Temperance Secretary in both Women's and Young Women's Societies all over the denomination it was urged that we deluge Mr. Luce with our letters of protest. Letters are important and this is one little thing all can do. We urge you to secure and widely distribute copies of the Protest leaflet enclosed in the letter.

Third—May I urge the Temperance Secretaries to organize small study groups of interested women for the purpose of studying the alcohol problem and preparing themselves to instruct the children and youth of our churches. In the December *Magazine* I listed some excellent material for different age groups which every Temperance Secretary should examine. These books could be provided for her out of the Society contingent fund. Bible School teachers, leaders of various youth organizations, Junior Missionary and Teen-Age group sponsors, etc., should compose a study group. Who will be the first to report such a group? The Syllabus on Alcohol Education (25¢) by Bertha Rachael Palmer is fine for a basic study book.

Fourth—I should like to recommend three film strips which can be secured for a rental fee of 50c each from our Department of Audio-Visual Education, 605 Publication Bldg., 209 Ninth St., Pittsburgh 22, Pa.:

CEILING UNLIMITED which has to do with the effects of Alcohol on Pilots of planes.

DOLLARS AND SENSE, a treatment of the economic phase of Alcohol with some very significant figures given at the end.

HE RAN A RACE, showing the effect of Alcohol on athletes.

The above are all very interesting for Junior and High School age groups.

Fifth—For some time it has been my intention to mention some material for the "and Reform" part of our work.

I. *Gambling.*
   1. *Take a Stand—Not a Chance,* a two-page leaflet by Marguerite H. Bro, dealing with such commonly accepted things as "Bank Night," "Raffles," etc.
   2. *I Bet You* — a very short but pointed message.
   3. *Easy Money* — a twenty-page booklet for 15¢ which everyone should have. An excellent treatment of the subject of gambling.

II. *Smoking.*
   1. *I Wish My Mummy Didn't Smoke*—The touching story of a small child as confided to Roy L. Smith.
   2. *Why I Do Not Smoke*—by Dorothy Akers Rauck, a college student. An exceptionally attractive leaflet.
   3. *Smoking and Health* — An impartial treatment not by Reformers but by men of Science.
   4. *A "Sensible Fellow"*—gives his reasons (Why I do not smoke) by P. R. Hayward, youth worker and editor of International Journal of Religious Education.

Tributes

Mrs. Nettie B. Stewart
Mrs. Elizabeth Crawford
Mrs. Mattie Morton

The Salem United Presbyterian Missionary Society, Kirklin, Indiana, wishes to pay loving tribute to the memory of three faithful women.

Mrs. Nettie B. Stewart met sudden death June 10, 1949, in an automobile accident. Mrs. Elizabeth Crawford was called home July 3, 1949, and Mrs. Mattie Morton, September 14, 1949, each after a lingering illness.

The loyalty of these three women to their Master found expression in the activities of the missionary society where each contributed of her time, talents and money as long as health permitted.

While their individual places can never be filled, may their memory inspire us to greater zeal in the Lord's work.

We extend sincere sympathy to their surviving families.

Salem W.M.S.

Mrs. Mary Mitchell

The Women's Missionary Society of the Amoret United Presbyterian Church of Amoret, Missouri, wishes to pay loving tribute to the memory of Mrs. Mary Mitchell. She was not only a loyal worker in the Missouri Society of which she served as president for a number of years, but also a faithful teacher in the Sabbath School.

Mrs. Mitchell had unusual talent as a vocalist and gave of this talent freely. Her unfailing cheerfulness during the past year of suffering was an inspiration to her many friends.

Her call to her heavenly home on January 11, 1950, terminated a life of service to the community and to her church. To her daughter, Phyllis, and her son, J. R., we extend our sincere sympathy.

Committee

Mrs. Martha Rhodaberger
Mrs. J. H. Giffen
Mrs. Lila Brown
Mrs. Winifred Garfoot

The Women's Missionary Society and the Altiora Bible Class of the First United Presbyterian Church of Long Beach, California, wish to pay loving tribute to Mrs. Martha Rhodaberger who passed away December 4, 1949 in her 89th year, and Mrs. J. H. Giffen on December 24, 1949 in her 91st year. Both were consecrated Christians and we commend them for their fortitude and cheerfulness during their extended illness.

To Mrs. Lila Brown the call came suddenly, January 4, 1950. She was in her 78th year and was active until the end. She was for more than twenty years either president or vice president of the missionary society, and was a charter member of the Altiora Bible Class, but for many years had taught in the Junior department of the Sabbath School. For six years she was corresponding secretary of the United Presbyterian Women's Association of the West, and was the first contributor to the fund for the "home." Mrs. Giffen was the second.

Mrs. Winifred Garfoot was called Home January 21, 1950 in her 76th year. She was treasurer of the missionary society and teacher of the Altiora Bible Class until her last illness of several months. She was active in the W.C.T.U. and in welfare work, particularly among young boys and the service men.

They were all loyal to Christ and the Church. We miss their presence, their prayers and their wise counsel, but rejoice that they have entered into a higher service.

The Committee

Mrs. Alvin Eber

The Women's Missionary Society and Ellen Pauly Aid Society of the First United Presbyterian Church of Aurora, Illinois, wish to pay loving tribute to the memory of Mrs. Alvin Eber, who was called to her heavenly home November 25, 1949.

She was a most faithful worker in both Women's organizations, and served as treasurer and efficiency secretary for the Missionary group.

Since she was taken from our midst so suddenly, we cannot help feeling that she has not departed from us but is "just away" for a little while.

We extend our deepest sympathy to her family and many friends.

The Commiteee

Mrs. William Barbour

This tribute is written in loving memory of Mrs. William Barbour, a member of the Women's Missionary Society of Center Church of Midway, Pennsylvania, who passed away December 11, 1949, after almost two years of ill health.

She was a life member of the Society, and as long as she was able, was an earnest, devoted worker in the missionary society and prayer meeting.

She was very helpful in the Aid work of the missionary society and like Martha was very efficient in the material things connected with the church activities.

We extend our heartfelt sympathy to the husband and grandson.

Committee

Mrs. Angie Mellon
Mrs. Elbert McCreery
Miss Sadie McMillan

Within a short time the Pasadena congregation has been made the poorer because the three whose names appear above have been called "up higher."

Mrs. Angie Mellon, before coming to Pasadena, was an active member of the Women's Board in Pittsburgh, and a great asset and inspiration to our congregation and Los Angeles Presbyterial after coming to California. Her long life of over ninety years, so richly endowed and consecrated will remain a challenge to others to diligent Christian servcie.

Mrs. McCreery devoted her life to the cause of missions as a young woman when she started the first Girls' School in the Sudan and was faithful to the missionary work of our church as long as health permitted.

Miss Sadie McMillan helped to mould the character of many young people in the city schools of Canon City, Colorado, where she taught for many years and was a faithful member of the missionary society until coming to Pasadena.

Of these three friends we can truly say that for them "to live was Christ and to die is gain."

The Women's Missionary Society extends heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved families.

Committee
Mrs. Ralph Atkinson
Mrs. Robert J. Craig
Mrs. Calvin Hogue

Mrs. Robert Spear

A loving tribute is hereby paid to the memory of Mrs. Robert Speer by the W.M.S. of the Hanover, Illinois, United Presbyterian church. She was called home December 12, 1949.

We shall remember her for her gentle and kindly manner and patient and uncomplaining spirit. To the end of her life she maintained an interest and helpfulness in the activities and welfare of the church and the Women's Missionary Society.

Committee

Mrs. Martha Amos Chambers

The Women's Missionary Society of the United Presbyterian Church, De Lancey, New York, wishes to pay a loving tribute to the memory of Mrs. Martha Amos Chambers who entered into rest on January 28, 1950, after a long illness.

She married Robert Chambers who now has served fifty-five years as elder in our church. Last year the Chambers celebrated their fifty-fifth wedding anniversary.

Mrs. Chambers was a charter member of our society, many times an officer, a life member—always giving of her talents and time willingly. She was well informed of the leadership and life of the denomination and was active in its programs. We shall ever cherish her memory.

To her family we extend our heartfelt sympathy and commend them to the Heavenly Father whom she both loved and served.

Elizabeth A. Salton
Agnes I. Hall
Committee

Mrs. Anne Rowe

The Virginia Liggitt Brown Missionary Society of the Seventh U. P. Church pays loving tribute to the memory of Mrs. Anne Rowe, daughter of the late Rev. Samuel Brown, who was called to be forever with her Lord on Wednesday, January 4th.

Of her it can truly be said that she followed in the footsteps of the Master she loved. We, who knew of her many kind and helpful deeds and were inspired by her life among us, have come to understand more fully the wonderful influence of a Christian life. This life was short in years, but the time was well spent in making "disciples of all men."

We greatly mourn her passing and extend our deepest sympathy to Mr. Joseph Rowe, the three small sons and her sister, Miss Frances Brown, and commend them to the care of Him whom she loved and served so faithfully.

The Committee
Ida Putt
Agnes Wagner
Blanche McClellan

Miss Lottie B. Sheaffer

The members of the W.M.S. of the Shelocta United Presbyterian church wish to pay tribute to the memory of Miss Lottie B. Sheaffer who was called to her heavenly home on April 14, 1949.

All her life, until unable to attend, she maintained an interest in helpfulness in the activities and welfare of the church and the W.M.S.

We extend to her loved ones our love, sympathy and prayers, commending them to the comfort of the Master who said, "I will not leave you comfortless."

Mrs. A. E. Rupert
Mrs. Mary Edwards
Committee

Mrs. Rebecca McCoy

The Women's Missionary Society of the United Presbyterian Church of Mercer, Pa., wishes to pay a tribute of love and respect to Mrs. Rebecca McCoy, who passed away suddenly on Dec. 31, 1949. She was a Life Member of the Missionary Society, and the president for the past three years. Her life was spent in service to Christ in her home and in her church. To her three daughters we extend our sincere sympathy.

Mrs. Ferdimore E. Vogan

Mrs. Carrie Brownlee Best

The members of the Women's Missionary society of the Claysville United Presbyterian church, wish to pay tribute to the memory of Mrs. Carrie Brownlee Best who was called to her heavenly home December 6, 1949.

She was a good neighbor, a kind friend and a faithful Christian. Her pleasing personality and friendliness assured her a lasting place in the memory of all who knew her. Her countless hours of service and worship in the church which she loved so much will always be an inspiration to us.

To her family we extend our sincere sympathy and commend them to the comfort and consolation which only the Lord can give and which is promised to all his children.

Mrs. Grace C. Montgomery
Mrs. Romaine M. Brownlee

Mrs. James E. Work

In the death of Mrs. James Work, who was called to her heavenly home, December 9, 1949, the members of the United Presbyterian Church of Ft. Morgan, Colorado, mourn the loss of a faithful, devoted and beloved co-worker. She was a charter member of the church, the Women's Missionary Society, also a life member. She maintained an interest and helpfulness in all the activities and welfare of the church. The Junior department and Junior missionary society were under her loving leadership the past 23 years.

She was an outstanding Christian in all walks of life, and her death is not only a great loss to her family, but to her many friends and the community.

To her husband and family we extend our sincere sympathy. We shall ever cherish the memory of her devotion and miss her faithful presence in our midst.

Co-workers

The Resurrection

Mrs. Mary Stevens

The Women's Missionary Society of the United Presbyterian Church of Sharon, Pa., wishes to pay tribute to the memory of Mrs. Mary Stevens. She was a faithful attendant at church services and a loyal life member of the Missionary Society, her Sabbath School, Class, and other organizations to which she belonged, until her health failed.

Her strong faith and trust in God, and cheerful disposition endeared her to us all. Her presence is greatly missed. We extend our sympathy to her loved ones and commend them to the Saviour whom she trusted, loved, and served.

The Committee

The Risen Christ of the Easter Resurrection
Is the Hope of Christians as generation succeeds generation.

In the end of the Sabbath, as it began to dawn toward the first day of the week, came Mary Magdalene, and the other Mary to see the sepulchre.

And behold, there was a great earthquake: for the angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and came and rolled back the stone from the door, and sat upon it. . . . And the angel answered and said unto the women, Fear not ye: for I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified. He is not here; for he is risen, as he said.—Matthew 28:1, 2, 5, 6.

FOREIGN MISSIONARIES UNDER THE W.G.M.S.

% American Mission is used with each foreign address

EGYPT

*Miss Mary T. Anderson, R.N., 1948 — Assiut
*Mrs. Don Armstrong, 1947 — Cairo
*Miss Margaret M. Bark, 1948 — Cairo
*Miss Elizabeth A. Baumgartner, 1949 — Tanta
Miss Helen R. Brownlee, R.N., 1931 — Assiut
Miss Anna B. Criswell, 1905 — Assiut
Miss Mary Frances Dawson, 1922; 1945 — Cairo
Mrs. Ada A. Dunlap, 1926 — Assiut
Miss Lucia Dwight, 1919 — Mansura
Miss Davida M. Finney, 1915 — Cairo
*Miss Lois M. Finney, 1948 — Cairo
Miss Elsie M. French, 1909 — Cairo
*Miss Margaret Gettemy, 1949 — Tanta
Miss Martha C. Glass, 1921 — Luxor
Miss Eulalia D. Grether, 1929 — Tanta
Miss Alice Grimes, 1924 — Cairo
*Miss Faith E. Hamilton, 1948 — Cairo
Miss Nellie V. Hill, R.N., 1945 — Tanta
*Miss Louisa G. Hines, R.N., 1949 — Tanta
*Miss Elizabeth Hopkins, 1949 — Cairo
*M'ss Marian L. Jamieson, 1948 — Assiut
Miss Millie I. Kelso, 1946 — Benha
Miss Lois D. Kingan, 1926 — Cairo
*Miss Helen V. Kirkness, R.N., 1947 — Tanta
*Miss Mattie Mae Klingaman, 1949 — Cairo
*Miss Mary Lou Lash, 1948 — Assiut
Miss Lucy Lightowler, 1921 — Cairo
*Miss Mary L. Markley, 1948 — Cairo
Miss Helen J. Martin, 1915 — Cairo
Miss Beatrice McClellan, 1947 — Cairo
Miss Jeanette L. McCrory, 1916 — Minia
Miss Evelyn McFarland, 1919; 1949 — Cairo
Miss Sarah B. Meloy, 1928 — Cairo
*Miss Shirley A. Moss, 1948 — Tanta
*Miss Joan Murdock, R.N., 1949 — Assiut
Miss Lucile B. Nichols, R.N.A., 1945 — Tanta
Miss Helen J. Noordewier, 1921 — Beni Suef
Miss Venna R. Patterson, 1924 — Tanta
Miss Frances Patton, 1922 — Mansura
*Mrs. May L. Podbreger, R.N., 1949 — Tanta
*Miss Ruth N. Purdy, 1949 — Assiut
*Miss Mary E. Reed, 1948 — Assiut
Miss M. Stella Robertson, 1922 — Cairo
Miss Martha A. Roy, 1935 — Luxor
Mrs. Rachel T. Seiver, 1925 — Benha
Miss Jane C. Smith, R.N., 1922 — Cairo
Miss Nellie C. Smith, 1911 — Beni Suef
*Miss Norma Lee Squires, 1948 — Cairo
Miss Inez M. Sutton, 1949 — Cairo
Miss Marie F. Tait, 1925; 1948 — Assiut
Miss Alberta A. Tedford, R.N., 1945 — Tanta
Miss Mary C. Thompson, 1939 — Tanta
Miss Mary L. Thompson, 1917 — Assiut
*Miss Edith M. Vorhis, 1949 — Cairo
Miss Helen M. Walker, 1930 — Assiut
Miss Ethel L. Weed, 1919 — Alexandria
Miss Ruth M. Williamson, 1924; 1944 — Tanta
Miss Elizabeth M. Wilson, 1932 — Fayoum
Miss Esther W. Wilson, 1919 — Luxor
Miss Margaret A. Work, 1924 — Cairo
Miss Laura B. Wright, 1921 — Tanta

WEST PUNJAB, PAKISTAN

Miss Margaret E. Ballantyne, 1941 — Cambellpur
Miss Minnie E. Beatty, 1912 — Abbottabad
Miss R. Jean Black, 1921 — Pasrur
Miss M. Lois Boyd, 1919 — Badomali
Miss N. Addaline Brandon, 1931 — Rawalpindi
Miss Theresa I. Brownlee, 1922 — Sialkot City
Miss Marie E. Cash, R.N., 1926 — Pasrur
Miss M. Evelyn Cathcart, 1925 — Hajipur, Sialkot City
Miss Edith M. Drake, 1947 — Gujranwala
Miss Margaret Fehlman, 1912 — Sheikhupura
Miss Dorothy M. Fisher, 1947 — Rawalpindi
Miss Betsy Fleming, 1913 — Sheikhupura
Miss Evva P. Hartig, R.N.A., 1924 — Jhelum
Miss Eva M. Hewitt, 1930 — Hajipur, Sialkot City
Miss Alice G. Hill, 1938 — Sargodha
Miss Reba C. Hunsberger, M.D., 1921 — Sialkot City
Miss Mary Kyle, 1904 — Pasrur
Miss M. Frances Lincoln, R.N., 1938 — Salkot City
Miss Glendine Lundquist, R.N., 1938 — Salkot City
Miss Evelyn M. McKelvey, R.N., 1937 — Sialkot City
Miss Margaret L. Murdoch, 1924 — Sangla Hill
Miss Marian T. Peterson, 1930 — Gujranwala
Miss Laura Reynolds, 1924 — Sargodha
Miss Louise Scott, 1916 — Gujranwala
Miss Elizabeth H. Turner, R.N., 1947 — Sialkot City
Miss Helen V. Weede, 1928 — Campbellpur

EAST PUNJAB, INDIA

Miss Vida J. Graham, 1922 — Pathankot
Miss S. Jane Lamont, 1928 — Pathankot
Miss Willa M. Ramsey, 1921 — Pathankot
Miss Vivian L. Trimble, 1921 — Pathankot

*Short Term Workers.

ON FURLOUGH

Miss Frances E. Brown, '27; '37 — 810 Glenview St., Philadelphia 11, Pa.
Miss Laura R. MacLachlan, 1938 — R. D. 1, Atkinson, Nebr.
Miss Helen C. Sharp, M.D., 1932; 1944 — Box 176, Granville, Ohio

ANGLO-EGYPTIAN SUDAN

Miss Carolyn E. Brewer, 1948 — Khartoum North
Miss Mary E. Cole, 1919 — Wad Medani
Miss Una Cole, 1918 — Khartoum North
Miss Mary V. Ewing, R.N., 1940 — Doleib Hill
Miss Marian I. Farquhar, 1945 — Nasir
Miss Alice Ruth Gabel, 1948 — Omdurman
Miss Ray Huffman, R.N., 1924 — Nasir
*Miss Rosaltha Kenagy, 1947 — Athara
Miss Aleta J. Matthews, 1946 — Omdurman
Miss Jean Maxwell, M.N., 1946 — Nasir
Miss Marguerite M. McClellan, 1926 — Athara
*Miss M. Helen McCoy, 1947 — Khartoum North
Miss Dorothy L. Rankin, 1946 — Doleib Hill
Miss Phyllis A. Rogers, 1949 — Doleib Hill
*Miss Mary L. Shields, 1947 — Khartoum North
Miss Frances Turk, R.N., 1921 — Khartoum North
Miss Eleanor C. Vandevort, 1949 — Nasir
Miss Joan E. Yilek, 1948 — Akobo

ON FURLOUGH

Miss Mary Jane McKnight, 1922 — 809 Entrance Drive, Ellwood City, Pa.
Miss E. Verna Pillow, 1930 — 428 N. 16th St., San Jose, Calif.
Miss Mary K. Smith, M.D., 1944 — North Bend, Neb.

ETHIOPIA

Miss Marjorie Faught, R.N., 1938 — Sayo
Miss Eileen Halewood, R.N., 1947 — Maji
Miss Mary Nell Harper, R.N., 1948 — Sayo
Miss Marguerite M. Lienard, 1948 — Addis Ababa
Miss Hazel J. McGeary, 1946 — Sayo
Miss Ruth M. Nichol, 1938 — Addis Ababa
Mrs. A. W. Pollock, R.N., 1942 — Maji
Mrs. Ruth L. Walker, 1928 — Addis Ababa
(All Maji and Sayo mail: Box 1111, Addis Ababa)

ON FURLOUGH

Miss Ruth C. Beatty, 1920 — 1 W. 8th St., Ocean City, N. J.
Miss Isabel Blair, 1922 — 600 Church St., Huntingdon, Pa.

RETIRED FROM ACTIVE SERVICE

EGYPT

Miss Ella M. Barnes, 1911 — United Presbyterian Home, Washington, Iowa
Miss Leota Cabeen, 1909, Box 390, Webb City, Mo.
Mrs. Mary K. Coventry, 1908; 1918 — 1128 State St., Emporia, Kansas
Miss Minnehaha Finney, 1894 — 121 North 7th St., Sterling Kansas
Miss Rena L. Hogg, 1899 — Assiut, Egypt
Miss Dora B. Mason, 1918 — Assiut, Egypt
Miss Elizabeth McKibben, 1924 — 1423 Liverpool St., N. S. Pittsburgh, Pa.
Miss Carol E. McMillan, 1906 — Aledo, Illinois
Miss Marion A. Paden, 1902 — 12467 Cedar Road, Cleveland, Ohio
Miss Laura B. Walker, 1904 — Penn & Trenton, Pittsburgh 21, Pa.
Miss Ida Whiteside, 1913; 1935 — 25 Prospect St., Greenwich, N. Y.
Miss Ruth A. Work, 1904 — 2235 Norwalk Ave., Los Angeles 41, California

PAKISTAN-INDIA

Miss Emma Dean Anderson, 1881 — Penn and Trenton, Pittsburgh 21, Pa.
Miss Hazel Bennett, 1908 — 263 Park St., Socorro, N. Mexico
Miss Mary J. Campbell, 1884 — Box 992, Santa Ana, California
Miss Ella M. Gordon, 1893 — Pattersonville, N. Y.
Miss Kate A. Hill, 1896 — Eldora, Iowa
Miss Flora Jameson, 1903 — Penn and Trenton, Pittsburgh 21, Pa.
Miss Mary E. Logan, 1891 — 825 W. 7th St., Rushville, Indiana
Miss Lillian A. McConnell, 1902 — United Presbyterian Home, Washington, Iowa
Miss Georga Wengert, 1919 — Lebo, Kansas

ANGLO-EGYPTIAN SUDAN

Miss Elsie E. Grove, 1912 — Caroline Ave., R. D. 3, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Miss Aulora R. McIntyre, 1911; 1919, Lenox, Iowa

ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE WOMEN'S GENERAL MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF THE UNITED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF NORTH AMERICA

Oxford, Ohio — June 16-20

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"If we work upon marble, it will perish; if we work upo brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumbl into dust; but if we work upon immortal minds, if we imbu them with good principles with just fear and love of God, love of our fellow men, we engrave upon those tablets something which will brighten to all eternity."

—Daniel Webster.